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ORIGINAL POEMS,

AND

TRANSLATIONS.

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AND

TRANSLATIONS

ORIGINAL POEMS,

AND

TRANSLATIONS;

PARTICULARLY

AMBRA.

FROM LORENZO DE' MEDICI.



CHIEFLY BY

SUSANNA WATTS.



L O N D O N :

PRINTED BY NICHOLS AND SON, RED LION PASSAGE, FLEET STREET,
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1802.

ORIGINAL FORM

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NONE of the Poems in this Collection have been before the Publick, except a few of the smaller Pieces, which found their Way into some periodical Publications.

NOTE of the names in the Collection here
how many the Public, except a few of the
names first, which found the way into
the collection.

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#

A M B R A.

A FABLE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE ITALIAN OF

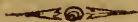
LORENZO DE' MEDICI.

Mr. Roscoe, in his admired "Life of Lorenzo de' Medici," gives the following account of this Poem, which every admirer of elegant Poetry must lament that he left to be translated by any other pen than his own.

" Among the Poems of Lorenzo de' Medici, which have been
" preserved for three centuries, in manuscript, in the Lauren-
" tian Library, and which are given to the publick for the first
" time at the close of this work, is a beautiful Ovidian alle-
" gory, intituled *Amtra*, being the name of a small island,
" formed by the river Ombrone, near Lorenzo's villa at Poggio
" Cajano, the destruction of which is the subject of the poem.
" This favourite spot he had improved and ornamented with
" great assiduity, and was extremely delighted with the retired
" situation and romantic aspect of the place. He was not, how-
" ever, without apprehensions that the rapidity of the river
" might destroy his improvements; which misfortune he en-
" deavoured to prevent by every possible precaution; but his
" cares were ineffectual: an inundation took place, and, sweep-
" ing away his labours, left him no consolation but that of im-
" mortalizing his *Amtra* in the Poem now alluded to."

Vol. I. p. 280.—4to.

A M B R A.



FLED is that Season, which, with ripening ray,
To blushing fruit matur'd the blossoms gay ;
No more the leaf its airy station keeps,
But strews th' impoverish'd groves in withering heaps ;
Low rustling if, with hasty brushing feet,
The desolated path some hunter beat :—
No more in safety lurks the beast of prey,
The dry disorder'd leaves his track betray.

Still blooms the Laurel 'mid the forest drear,
And the sweet shrub to Cytherea dear ;

'Mid the white Alps the Fir his verdure shows,
His branches bending with their weight of snows;
To some lone bird the Cypress shelter lends,
While with the winds the vigorous Pine contends;
The humble Juniper, though thorns surround,
The hand that gently crops forbears to wound;
On some sweet sunny hill the Olive grows,
Now green, now silver, as the zephyr blows*,
Distinguish'd high o'er all the sylvan scene,
Propitious Nature feeds its constant green.

The wand'ring Birds with strength of wing endued,
O'er trackless seas have led their weary brood;

* " With accurate descriptions of the face of Nature the
" works of Lorenzo abound; and these are often heightened by
" those minute but striking characteristics which, though
" open to all observers, the eye of the poet can alone select.
" Thus the description of an Italian winter, with which he
" opens his poem of *Ambra*, is marked by several appropriate
" and striking images.

And show'd them as they pass'd, the sea-born train,
Tritons and Nereids sporting in the main *.

Now Night has gain'd the long-contested sway,
And in proud triumph led the shorten'd Day;
Begirt with deathless fires she drives on high
Her starry chariot round the tranquil sky,
Soon as her vanquish'd rival's golden wain
Sinks with faint lustre in the azure main :

"The foliage of the Olive appears of a dark green, but is
"nearly white beneath."—Roscoe's Life of Lorenzo, Vol. I.
p. 256.

* The lover of Italian poetry, while, in the most beautiful productions of that fascinating tongue, he meets with an unwelcome *conceit*, must feel a *regret*; and the English reader, who is not compensated for his mortification by the delicacy and beauty of their expressions, and the music of their language, must *censure*. He will probably be startled by the foregoing fancy, and by one or two more which he will find in the course of the Poem.

If Phœbus hither turn his radiant eye,
See, cold Orion's sword his beam defy.
But ah ! behind Night's car, in awful state,
Pale troops of Cares and anxious Vigils wait !
And oft, though potent be its opiate pow'r,
Subdue e'en Slumber in the silent hour ;
Mock the gay Dreams that lull the weary mind,
When adverse Fortune frowns with eye unkind ;
Which spreading bright their visionary lure,
Give health and treasure to the sick and poor.

Ah ! wretched he ! who thro' the dreary night
With wakeful eye awaits the tardy light !
Though faintly gay some fond idea smile,
And hope of future bliss allure awhile ;
Though should at length his weary eye-lids meet,
Exclude the mournful thought, admit the sweet ;
Sleep he or wake, the lingering night appears,
Though time still flies, an age of countless years.

Ah !

Ah! wretched he! ordain'd, from shore remote,
Through the long night on trackless seas to float;
Where the blind prow the treacherous winds betray,
And the fierce Ocean yells, a beast of prey!
With supplicating pray'rs and ardent vows,
He calls Aurora from her antient spouse;
Explores the dark expanse with aching sight,
And counts the footsteps of the slow-pac'd Night.

In beauteous order rang'd; with shrill-ton'd cries,
The Cranes, a wond'rous squadron! sweep the skies;
The last, with neck extended (strange to view),
The trackless journey of the first pursue.
When gain'd the sunny vales, the watch to keep,
One wakeful stands, the rest securely sleep:
Here thousand painted tribes their pastime take,
Throng the green mead, or skim the lucid lake:
The Eagle oft with slowly-threatening aim,
Pois'd o'er the crowded pool surveys the game;

All rise at once, to shun th' impending blow,
And with their sounding pinions chace the foe :
If one should linger from the feather'd herd,
Jove's princely herald grasps the hapless bird ;
Who thinks, deceiv'd, he now on high shall soar,
To Jove convey'd, like Ganymede of yore.

To Cyprus fled, the Zephyr, 'mid her bow'rs,
Sports on fresh herbage with the slothful flow'rs ;
Rude Northern whirlwinds rend the troubled air,
No more serene, with golden lustre fair ;
The running rill its murmuring course foregoes,
And sinks in solid ice to still repose ;
Th' imprison'd Fishes in the chrystal lie ;
So shines, in amber set, the golden Fly.

Yon lofty Mount, which braves the fierce North-
West,
And guards the treasures of his ample breast :

Whose

Whose hollow caves within their rich domain,
 The source of empire, fame, and wealth contain * ;
 Already feels around his towering head,
 A hoary crown of gathering vapours spread ;
 Snows from his brows, like silver locks, descend,
 And o'er his vast projecting shoulders bend ;
 Rough crags of ice incrust his spacious chest,
 And on his head the harden'd fountains rest.
 'Tis misty Notus, as aloft he blows,
 That round his crest the vapoury garland throws † ;
 Then comes the Alpine North, the clouds are fled,
 And white and bare he rears his antient head ;
 But Notus soon, to shroud his brows anew,
 Shakes from his humid wings malignant dew :

* Mount Morello is thus mentioned in Vasari's " Vite de'
 " Pittori," tom. 1. p. 68 ; where, speaking of petrifications
 found in different parts of Italy, he says, " The most beautiful
 " and singular of these productions are found in Mount Morello,
 " in Tuscany, eight miles from Florence."

† *Nebulosa ghirlanda.*

Now bare, now cloudy, thus with rain or snow,
The proud MORELLO threatens the plains below.

But now from Ethiopia's burning waste,
On thirsty wing, see gentler Auster haste ;
He bathes his pinions in the Tyrrhene main,
And girt with dewy clouds, and stor'd with rain,
Scarce in his destin'd spot, he slowly blows,
Then each tir'd wind the rival strife foregoes.

To meet the moisture, with rejoicing waves,
Swift flow the rivers from their antient caves ;
They hail their parent Sea with grateful vows,
Fresh watery foliage twin'd around their brows ;
They sound the twisted horn, the hollow shell,
And, proud before, with double pride they swell.
The scorn with which, of late, they view'd their
 mounds,
Resistless rising, spurns the fragile bounds ;

. They

They foam impetuous o'er th' opposing shore,
Whose antient banks can stay their course no more:
Nor serpent-like, in many a winding way,
Slow-journeying to their antient Sire they stray;
The distant streams, from various lands supplied,
In one vast volume join their ample tide;
While each to each with friendly care relates
Th' events and customs of his native States:
In wond'rous converse thus they pass conjoin'd,
And scorn the outlets they were wont to find.
And when they come in one collected swell,
'Mid the tall rocks that fence some lonely dell,
Imprison'd close, their angry waters rave,
And yellow earth defiles the lucid wave;
Vext by the barriers of the narrow pass,
They toss, with furious force, each rocky mass,
Foam in wild whirlpools with terrific roar,
The shepherd trembles, though secure on shore.
Earth, deep below, the dreadful tumult hears,
E'en in her dry and hollow caves she fears;

Hurls

Hurls forth her hidden flames—smoke, water, fire,
Loud hissing, from the narrow gulph transpire,
Startling the ear and eye—so near her bounds,
VOLTERRA * trembles at the threat'ning sounds ;
Fears lest the tides, if loftier height they gain,
In one vast deluge whelm th' affrighted plain :
Impatient thus, the haughty torrent roars,
Bursts from its prison, and o'erleaps the shores ;
Then in the spacious plain at large extends,
Reposes calm, and scarce a murmur sends,
Uncertain if to rest, or onward sweep ;
(Already level'd many a distant steep)
A victor proud, it deigns a lake to stay,
With trunks and branches clog'd, its mountain prey.

Scarce to her herds, ere round the deluge falls,
The rustic matron can uncloseth stalls ;

* The city of Volterra, which composed a part of the dominions of Florence.

While in her arms, a precious load ! she keeps
Her little son, who in his cradle weeps ;
Her eldest girl pursues, and bears away
The wool, the linen vest, their rude array ;
Their household stores in vain they seek to save ;
They swim tumultuous on the fatal wave ;
While float, unaided, 'mid the waters deep,
Th' affrighted ox, the swine, and unshear'd sheep.

With trembling feet, mean-time, the sorrowing
Swain

Climbs the frail wall, the cottage-roof to gain ;
Sees his poor treasures on the waters tost,
His hopes o'erwhelm'd, his patient labour lost !
In dread suspense, lest woes more dire be nigh,
All motionless he stands with fixed eye ;
Quick in his bosom throbs his fainting heart,
And dearer interests force the tear to start ;
He fears for life, as on, the waters press,
And in the greater woe forgets the less.

Their

Their well-known verdant mounds no more restrain
(To ampler range receiv'd) the finny train ;
Playful they sport, and ever fond to rove,
Their antient instinct, seek each new-form'd cove ;
Insatiate wandering, view with curious eye,
Where in the wave the fallen structures lie ;
And 'mid the walls in frolick gambols glide,
That tottering stand beneath th' o'erwhelming tide.

'Twas then OMBRONE, like some island rare,
A haughty lover, circled AMBRA fair ;
AMBRA, not less by faithful LAURO lov'd,
Who with vexed eye his rival's touch reprov'd ;
AMBRA the Dryads, when they shot the dart,
Confess'd superior e'en to Delia's art :
Beauteous the maid, adorn'd with every gift,
And fleet of foot, the swiftest of the swift.

An Alpine shepherd long with tender care,
The gentle LAURO, lov'd the charming fair ;

Pure

Pure was the flame that fir'd his faithful breast,
 Such as in noblest bosoms loves to rest.
 One sultry day, her vesture thrown aside,
 The damsel plung'd in cool OMBRONE's tide;
 A son of Appenine, who proudly seems
 To boast his Sire, and hundred brother-streams.
 While her soft limbs the lovely virgin threw,
 In the clear waters ting'd with shadowy blue,
 Rous'd by the sound, as light the sand she trod,
 Forth from his grotto rush'd the watery God;
 In his left hand a twisted horn he bore *,
 And mov'd in silence to his verdant shore;

* In an old Italian work, intituled "Apparato et Feste nella
 "Nozze dello Duca di Firenze, et della Ducessa, sua consorte,"
 &c. &c. 1539, we find the following passage:—"In rivalry
 "with her (the Brana) came a bearded Sage, with a garland of
 "chesnut over his long-shining hair, and having a mantle across
 "his shoulders of the natural colour of water; he was shod with
 "plants and moss, with bands of bull-rushes: he likewise
 "bore in his hand a twisted horn, on which appeared this
 "name, OMBRONE."

To ward the fervid rays, around his head,
A crown of fir and mountain beech he spread.
Where bath'd the Nymph, the God drew gently nigh ;
The shadowing leaves conceal'd him from her eye,
Nor his light footsteps on her ear rebound ;
'The murmuring waves dispell'd th' alarming sound :
And soon he came so near the beauteous fair,
With out-stretch'd hand he grasp'd her golden hair.

As the swift Fish, when o'er its heedless fin,
The subtle Fisher spreads his meshes thin,
Feels the fine snare, and, through the azure vale
Quick-shooting, leaves behind some shining scale ;
Th' affrighted damsel thus, with dread surprize,
Beholds the Godhead near, and trembling flies ;
And while her speed his eager grasp deceives,
Lock'd in his hand one beauteous ringlet leaves.

Light-bounding from the wave, by terror prest,
She leaves behind her quiver, darts, and vest ;

Her

Her tender feet, endued with matchless speed,
Nor pointed rock nor piercing bramble heed :
In anguish keen the God deluded stands,
Lifts his sad eye, and grasps his sorrowing hands.

“ Ah ! cruel hand ! ” with fond lament he cries,
As on the plunder’d lock he casts his eyes,
“ Too swift this lovely tress to rend away ;
“ But ah ! too slow that heavenly form to stay ! ”

His fatal error wailing thus in vain,
He hopes his voice at least the maid may gain,
Though fail his steps—and loud with love-lorn tone,
Th’ enamour’d God his tender plaint makes known.

“ A River Godhead loves thee, beauteous dame !
“ Through my cold waves you shot the ardent
“ flame ;
“ Why, cruel fair one ! thus affrighted flee ?
“ You sought my grateful waves, then shun not me !

C

“ Love

“ Love you my stream ? ah ! know, my rocky cave
“ Boasts cooler shadows, and a clearer wave ;
“ My tide allures you—why myself resign ?
“ Son of great Appenine !—a Pow’r divine !

Deaf to his prayer, he sees the Nymph retreat,
While fear gives pinions to her snowy feet ;
Inspir’d by love, the rapid God pursues,
And rolls his torrent where her course he views :
He sees the pointed stone, the thorny road,
Her tender foot with piercing anguish goad ;
Still swifter as she spur’d her agile pace,
The God, more ardent, urg’d th’ impetuous chace.

With panting speed the tender AMBRA flies,
Fleet as the blast that rushes through the skies ;
The slender stem that bears the golden grain,
Might, on its ear unbent, her foot sustain.
OMBRONE marks her far-receding flight ;
At every step she lessens to his sight :

When

When to an ample plain her course she steers,
 No lingering hope to reach the maid appears.
 While o'er impending cliffs and mountains rude,
 His rapid stream the flying Fair pursued,
 He hop'd th' opposing rocks some aid would lend,
 And each steep pass his eager chace befriend;
 But when she gain'd th' expanding vale below,
 The wearied River found his course too slow:
 No barrier here her nimble foot delay'd,
 And his keen eye alone o'ertook the maid.
 What hope remain'd?—more distant as she flew,
 At every step his passion stronger grew.

She came, where mingled with OMBRONE's tide,
 My lovely ARNO rolls in lucid pride *;

* “Quel' ch' ella ha seco con sì bianche chiome,

“Ombron' è, che le bagna il fertil piano,

“Et poscia perde in Arno et l' acqua e'l nome,

“Non molto al vago tuo Poggio lontano.”

“With her OMBRONE comes with hair of snow,

“Who through Firenze's vale delights to flow;

Soon as the God the friendly stream beheld,

Reviving hope his ardent chace impell'd :

From far he cries—" O ARNO ! stream divine !

" Whose course we Tuscan rivers love to join,

" Stay yon fair Nymph !—more fleet than birds she

" flies ;

" O'er rocks, through woods, I've chas'd the

" beauteous prize ;

" She flies relentless, nor regards my woe,

" Her steely heart no tender love can know :

" Restore her to my hopes with friendly aid ;

" O cross her path, and stop the cruel maid !

" OMBRONE I, for thee my stores I save,

" For thee alone collect my azure wave ;

" Then near thy Poggio's beauteous cultur'd side,

" In ARNO loses both his name and tide."

Apparato et Feste nelle Nozze
dello Duca di Firenze, &
della Ducessa sua consorte,
&c.

" I swell

“ I swell thy waters, bid them proudly sweep,
“ Burst the tall mound, the lofty bridge o'erleap :
“ Yon Nymph is mine !—Behold this golden hair
“ (With bitter grief the sacred pledge I bear)
“ Declares my right :—in thee I trust alone :
“ O aid me ! ere she be for ever flown !”

The generous ARNO heard the piteous strain,
Nor precious moments lost in answer vain ;
But instant swell'd his tide with gather'd force,
And stay'd the beauteous AMBRA's nimble course.
On every side by threatening danger prest,
Increasing terror froze her virgin breast ;
The God behind, an ample lake before,
Her light-wing'd foot, alas ! avails no more.

As the chas'd beast, who scours his native wood,
Pursued by dogs with jaws athirst for blood,
Escapes their grasp—when lo ! with startled eyes,
Full in his path th' extended net he spies !

Already lost, he stays his trembling feet,
Nor onward can he fly, nor yet retreat;
He fears the dogs, nor dares the net to try;
Moveless he stands, and sends a fearful cry.

Such was the fate the gentle AMBRA met;
Where'er she turns, the streams her path beset:
No hope but death remains:—then thus the Fair
In sorrowing accents frames her ardent pray'r;

“ Chaste Pow'r! to whom my mother's anxious fears,
“ And my lov'd Sire consign'd my tender years;
“ Divine Diana! lend thy pitying aid,
“ The sole defence when threat'ning ills invade!
“ If e'er this heart was worthy of thy care,
“ O guard it now from each surrounding snare!
“ For how shall I, a feeble Nymph, oppose
“ (A potent Godhead each) too cruel foes?
“ No base desire shall this pure bosom own;
“ It throbs for death, and LAURO's love alone.

“ Ye

“ Ye Zephyrs !—while he mourns my fate severe,
“ Bear my last accents to my LAURO’s ear !”

Scarce from her lips transpire the mournful strains,
Ere her white feet unusual stiffness chains ;
Her limbs enlarg’d, a new resemblance own,
And the fair Nymph becomes a beauteous stone ;
Her graceful form resigns its hue of snow,
Yet still in human shape it seems to grow ;
And, like some fair design in marble, stands,
Left uncompleted by the Sculptor’s hands.

Meantime OMBRONE urg’d his toilsome way,
Fir’d by fresh hopes to reach the lovely prey ;
New force he rous’d, with footsteps doubly fleet,
And now he seems the flying Maid to greet ;
When lo ! before his path a stone he spies,
Nor knows as yet, if from the wave it rise ;
But when he views thus lost the hapless fair,
Wond’ring he stands, in motionless despair.

As in the park, whose ample space around,
Spreads the tall palisade or stony mound,
The gentle Hind whom chacing dogs appall,
Gains, hopeless of escape, th' inclosing wall ;
Desperate she leaps the fence—their swiftness vain,
Robb'd of their prey, the dogs within remain ;
They stop—and fearing to pursue her flight,
With fruitless fury eye the barrier height.

So stands the God—all hope for ever flown,
Deluded, gazing on the growing Stone ;
The Stone which still a damsel's semblance left,
Nor seem'd the beauteous block of sense bereft :
Compassion, love, at once united flow,
He bathes the lovely Stone with tears of woe.

“ My AMBRA ! see (he cries) the self-same wave,
“ In which thou, late, thy beauteous form didst
“ lave !

“ With

“ With anguish keen thy cruel fate I moan,
“ And in thy lot severe forget my own—
“ Fain would my waters now their course forego,
“ In tender pity of my AMBRA’s woe !
“ And such, remorseless Fate ! thy dire decree,
“ The feeling she has lost still tortures me !

“ Tho’ on my native hills, in beauty’s pride,
“ Unnumber’d damsels wander by my side ;
“ Their charms no longer shall demand my care,
“ Nor will I chuse the fairest of the Fair ;—
“ For *one* alone, the tender thought I’ll prove,
“ And guard this lock, memorial of my love !
“ To her, still faithful, whom my azure flood,
“ With lucid wave in ardent chace pursued ;
“ While she, as pale with fear she fled my tide,
“ In precious gore the stones and brambles dy’d ;
“ And, cruel fault of my fond love alone,
“ That beauteous form becomes a rigid stone !
“ While

“ While I am doom’d to live—a Pow’r divine,
“ And conscious being must be ever mine !
“ Too barbarous Destiny ! thy cruel rod,
“ Dooms me at once a wretch, and yet a God !
“ Thus have I learn’d, sad fruit of all my care !
“ That soft persuasion only wins the fair.

“ O keen North-wind ! congeal my liquid tide,
“ And let it stagnate by my AMBRA’s side ;
“ In semblance of my lost, transmuted Maid,
“ Oh ! let it here, a solid mass, be stay’d,
“ And never Sun, with clear and golden beam,
“ Melt the firm chrystal to a flowing stream !”

SONNETS.

I.

FROM LORENZO DE' MEDICI *.

Spesso mi torno a mente, anzi gia' mai, &c.

FULL oft my mind recalls, with tender care,
And Memory ever shall preserve the trace,
The vest that wrapt her form, the time, the
place,

When first I gaz'd, enraptur'd on my Fair :

* The following Sonnet, which is the seventy-third of Lorenzo's, is noticed by Mr. Roscoe ("Life of Lorenzo," vol. I. p. 259.), for the simile in the tenth line, as no inelegant instance of the simplest mode of comparison. In the latter part it differs from the legitimate Sonnet in the order of its rhymes ; belonging to the first class of the Sonnets of Petrarca. The translation follows the arrangement of the original.

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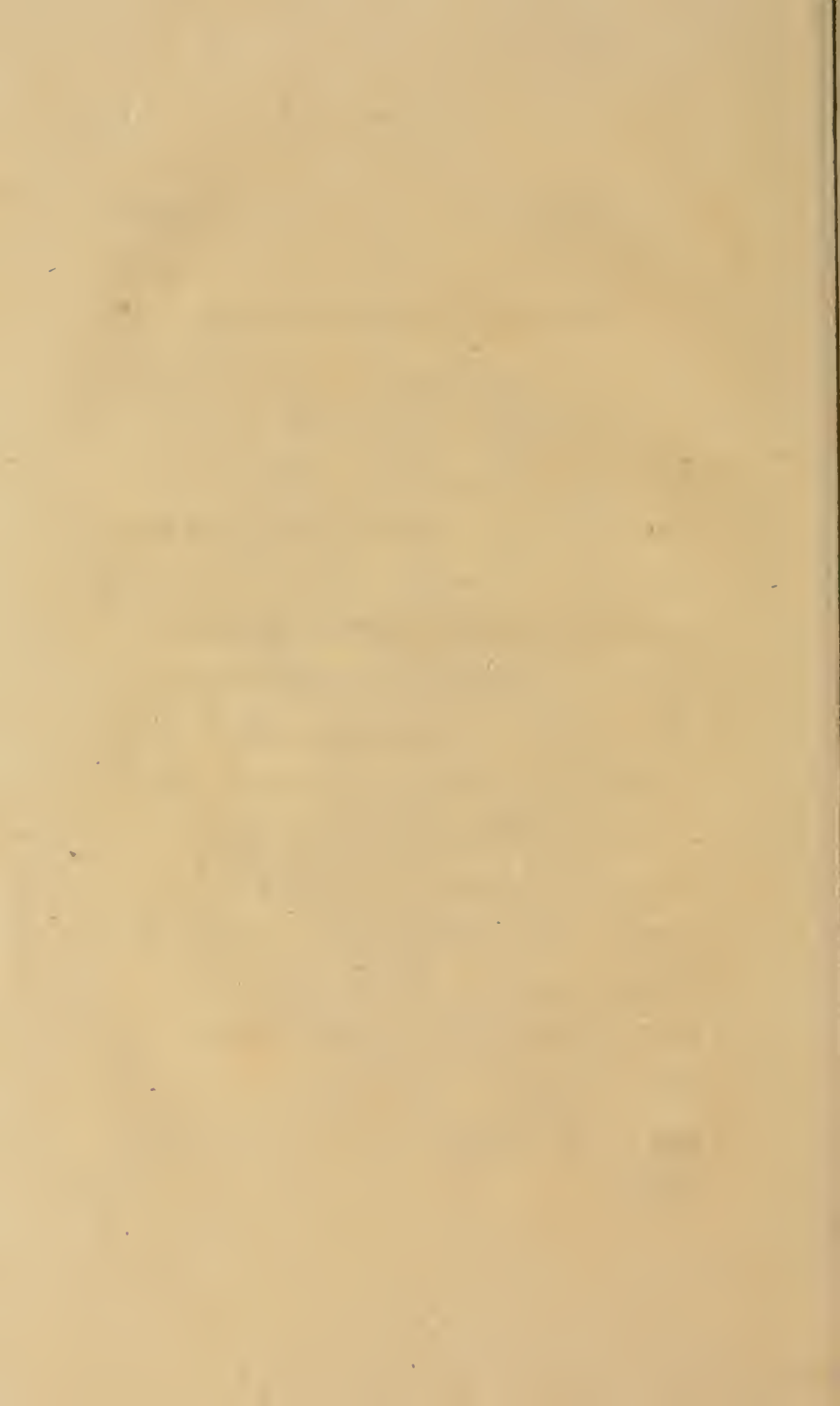
How then she look'd, thou, Love ! art well aware,
For by her side thou kep'st with faithful pace ;
Her beauty, virtue, gentleness, and grace,
No fancy can depict, no tongue declare :
O'er her white robe her shining tresses fell ;
So Sun-beams sporting on the Alpine heights,
Spread o'er the snow in many a golden ray ;
But ah ! the time, the place, I spare to tell ;
'Tis *Paradise* where'er her foot alights,
And when her beauties shine abroad, 'tis *Day*.

II.

FROM (CARDINAL) PIETRO BEMBO.

Siccome suol, poi che 'l verno, aspro e rio, &c.

AS when unwelcome Winter, cold and keen,
 Resigns the plains to Spring, some tender Fawn
 In playful transport at the break of dawn,
 Forsakes his native thicket's shelt'ring scene ;
 He leaves the cots, the Shepherds far away,
 Roves by the stream or bounds along the heights,
 Now crops the dewy grass, the flow'ret bites,
 Where'er his fearless fancy bids him stray ;
 He dreads no unseen dart, no secret snare,
 Till, shooting from the ambush'd Archer's hands,
 Deep in his side the rankling arrow stands :
 So I unconscious rov'd, that day, my Fair !
 When first thy eye, I fear'd no danger near,
 Shot through my heart, and left the anguish there.



THE
FLIGHT TO PARIS.

BY A GENTLEMAN.

THE following Poem is by no means designed as a description of Paris, but only to guard the English Traveller against the dissipation and imposition which usually prevail in that city, and to point out a few particular objects which may not be unworthy his attention.

January, 1802.

THE FLIGHT TO PARIS.

WEEP, Sea Nymphs, weep, who sport along the
shores,

Where Pleasure spreads her fascinating stores,

Where, 'mid the groups of mortals seeking health;

Ye view the frolics of capricious wealth;

Weep, Sea Nymphs, weep; to France we speed
our way,

Imperious Ton commands, and all obey,

To desarts turn'd your crowded Promenades,

Your groves forsaken like the Hermit's shades,

Each busy scene of idleness is o'er,

And silence reigns, where folly reign'd before.

Our sons of Ton, new-feather'd for the flight,

Throng where thy castle, Dover, rears its height;

D

Charm'd

Charm'd by the touch of Fashion's magic wand,
With throbbing breasts, they seek the promis'd
land,
And, kneeling, supplicate propitious gales,
To waft the Bark, and fill the swelling sails.

Rise, adverse Winds, ye friendly tempests, roar,
And drive them far from off the treacherous shore;
But nought avails! the promis'd land they reach,
And lightly leap upon the faithless beach.

Impatient now, they urge th' imprudent pray'r,
(While the Muse mourns that fruitless is her care,)
Hear, winged Mercury, hear our ardent sighs,
And swiftly guide us through these trackless skies,
Or, though in France most difficult the deed,
Oh! bear us onward with true *English* speed,
To yon gay city, where the Pleasures reign,
And keep their revels on the banks of Seine.

The

The deed is done, fair domes and spires arise,
And lo ! thy gate, ST. DENNIS *, meets their eyes,
That splendid arch, which boasts its great design,
And tells the world that Louis cross'd the Rhine.

Anxious to trace what lines the city bound,
And mark what objects fill its spacious round,
The gay, the grave, the lively, and the lame,
Toil up the tow'r of antient NOTRE DAME.
Like Babel's sons, as sacred records shew,
Thence view the follies of the world below.

* The gate of St. Dennis forms one of the principal entrances into Paris from the North. The four gates of St. Dennis, St. Martin, St. Antoine, and St. Bernard, are triumphal arches, ornamented with sculpture and inscriptions, celebrating the *little* exploits of Louis the Great.

The gate of St. Dennis is the most magnificent of the four, and commemorates the passage of the Rhine in 1672, and the taking of Maestricht in 1673.

Not distant far, inclining to the West,
They see thy palace, LOUVRE, stand confest ;
Whate'er of art thy proud saloons once grac'd,
For recent plunder must be now displac'd ;
Lo ! busts and marbles * crowd each spacious room,
While fair Italia mourns her hapless doom,
Statues and Vases press each burthen'd floor,
And Rome itself, imperial Rome, is poor :
Such are the trophies of ignoble war,
Such are the spoils which deck the victor's car ;
Antiques, thus gain'd, their blushing heads advance,
At once the glory and disgrace of France.

Still to the West, as Seine rolls on its tide,
The Louvre's columns † grace its Northern side ;

* Many of the valuable antiques brought from Italy are placed in the Louvre.

† The Louvre gallery, extending in a long range of columns from the palace of the Louvre to that of the Tuilleries.

Nor

Nor ends their range, till there, where rising high,
 Thy palace, *TUILL'RIES*, fills th' admiring eye,
 Here * smiling *Flora* spreads her wide domain,
 'Mid gay parterres enchanting beauties reign;
 Ambrosial odours scent the rising morn,
 And fountains cool the verdure they adorn.

More distant still, the eye attempts to trace
 Yon splendid objects, where in ample space
 The place of *CONCORD* † opens to the view;
 Oh! known too well, thy name alone is new;
 And shall the novel jargon of a name
 In dark oblivion bury France's shame?
 Not so; Remembrance heaves the deep-drawn sigh,
 Nor checks the tears which stream from Pity's eye;

* The garden of the *Tuilleries*.

† This fine square was formerly called, *La Place de Louis XV.* It was afterwards known by the name of *La Place de la Revolution*, and is now *La Place de Concorde*.

The *Guillotine* was placed here during the *Revolution*.

That place where Murder's fatal engine stood,
Truth will for ever call, The Place of BLOOD.

To seek relief, th' impatient eye explores
What objects grace the river's Southern shores ;
There, proudly rising from the leafy plain,
Yon gilded Dome * bespeaks no common fane :
Whate'er the genius of creative art,
To charm the eye of Science, could impart,
Whatever wealth, unbounded, could procure,
Wealth, when obtain'd, which left a nation poor,
Each grace, each beauty, bursting into light,
The finish'd Temple charms the ravish'd sight ;

* L'Hotel des Invalides.—This fine building was begun to be erected in 1671 by Louis XIV. as an asylum for aged and wounded soldiers.

The Church is very justly esteemed one of the finest in France ; the Dome is ornamented on the outside with gilded wreaths and festoons. The richness of the materials, and the excellence of the architecture, render it well worthy the attention of every stranger.

The

The hardy vet'ran, who, in former days,
Shed his best blood, his Monarch's fame to raise,
Here rests in peace ; and, all his dangers o'er,
Points to his scars, and mourns he has no more.

Not far behind, in beauty or in place,
Thy grateful fabric rises, VAL-DE-GRACE * !
A pious Queen rejoic'd the pile to raise,
Where sainted virgins hymn'd their Maker's praise.
Here richest marbles shine in every part,
And into life in breathing sculpture start ;
Enrich'd with golden Suns, where diamonds blaze,
And shed around their bright collected rays,

* The Abbey Royal of Val-de-Grace.—This magnificent building was erected about the year 1645, by Ann of Austria, widow of Louis XIII. and Regent of France ; as a monument of her gratitude for the birth of her son in 1633 (afterwards Louis XIV.), having been without children for twenty-two years.

The Church is very beautiful, and the ornaments of the Altar very splendid.

Urging to high pre-eminence its claim,
Thy splendid Altar merits all its fame.

Lo ! where the dome of SORBONNE * rising near,
Boasts to the world, that Richlieu's buried there,
Whose tomb, th' applause of ages to command,
Displays the efforts of a Master's hand ;
No heathen Gods the chaste design disgrace,
Nor dare profane the consecrated place :

* The College and Church of the Sorbonne.—The College was originally founded by Robert de Sorbon in the year 1252. The present College and Church were erected about the year 1629 by the Cardinal Due de Richlieu. The Church is a fine building, and seems principally to have been designed for the reception of the Cardinal's monument, which is placed in the middle of the choir. The propriety of the design, and the merit of the execution of this monument, recommend it to the attention of strangers.

The Cardinal is supposed to be expiring ; Religion supports his head, and Science is weeping at his feet.

Heathen

Here meek Religion, pointing to the skies,
To Heav'n's blest seats directs the closing eyes,
While weeping Science waits the parting breath,
And mourns her patron sinking into death.

Full in the South, to rival antient Rome,
The proud Pantheon * lifts its lofty dome ;
There, as in national decrees exprest,
Heroes and demi-gods alone may rest :

Heathen Deities do not seem to be the most appropriate ornaments of Christian Churches ; and we may wonder how they first found admission into Westminster Abbey.

* The Abbey of Sainte Genevieve was founded by Clovis, the first Christian King of France, about the year 500, in honour of Sainte Genevieve, the Patroness Saint of Paris, whose relics have since been supposed to have performed many miracles in times of calamity. This religious foundation, enriched with privileges and benefactions from succeeding Kings and Popes, became very wealthy.

The Church at length becoming old, it was thought expedient to build a new one ; and the building, now called the Pantheon, was begun to be erected about twenty years ago for that purpose.

The

Graves, where that dome extends its ample span,
Give immortality to mortal Man ;
Yet fame like this unenvying, Virtue flies,
For, buried there, th' inhuman Marat lies.

Eager to leave the Tow'r's commanding height,
And view each object in a nearer light,
Our strangers haste the giddy crowds to join,
Who bend with ardent zeal at Pleasure's shrine ;
Where'er her footsteps mark the flowery way,
In the same paths they too, delighted, stray,
And gaily swell the still-increasing throng,
Where Fashion hurries the full tide along ;
And chiefly there, where splendid promenades,
Oh ! PALAIS ROYAL *, grace thy bright arcades ;

The Revolution taking place before it was finished, it has since been completed in a very magnificent manner, and appropriated to the interment of illustrious persons.

* The present splendid buildings, called the Palais Royal, were erected by the late Duke of Orleans; one part of them
formed

Where lights unnumber'd give fictitious day,
And, rend'ring useless the meridian ray,
Shine through the trees, illumine the waving
 groves,

And shed their lustre on the gay alcoves ;
Where Dissipation, stooping from her throne,
Smiles on each group, and marks it for her own ;
Where wakeful Vice degrading orgies keeps,
And Prudence, careless of her duty, sleeps.

Where shall their course our helpless strangers
 bend,

While unseen dangers every path attend ;
Here venal beauties, fraught with mischief, smile,
Smile to delude, and flatter to beguile ;
Th' insidious gamester spreads his fatal snare,
And certain ruin whelms th' unguarded heir.

formed the Duke's palace. The gardens are surrounded with elegant shops, Coffee-houses, &c. which, brilliantly illuminated, form a very fashionable promenade.

Each

Each hour some new misfortune presses sore,
And aggravates the evils felt before,
Impending fate forbids a longer stay,
And dire distress compels them to obey ;
Dup'd, cheated, pilfer'd, plunder'd, and undone,
At length return the hapless sons of Ton.

Shall burthen'd Memory, when the dream is o'er,
Soothe their keen anguish from her treasur'd store ?
Or Recollection calm the midnight hour,
And in their wounds the balm of healing pour ?
Will it avail, that they have view'd the bow'rs,
Where fall, VERSAILLES, thy artificial show'rs ?
That they have stray'd in thy Elysian fields,
And breath'd the gales their balmy fragrance yields ;
That they have trod in that enchanted vale,
Where flow'rs unnumber'd all their sweets exhale ;
That vale, where TRIANON's * gay palace stands,
Nor seems the work, alone, of mortal hands :

* The palace of Trianon stands in the park of Versailles. It consists of two wings of building, connected by a beautiful colonade,

Breathing cool airs, its beauteous Colonade
 Invites the wanderer to its marble shade ;
 Myrtles their fragrant silvery buds unfold,
 And the ripe Orange flames with native gold.

Now o'er these groves Death's sable banners wave,
 Each blooming Vista leads but to the grave ;
 Thy Lilies, France, to mournful Cypress turn,
 In all thy Courts funereal torches burn,
 While sad remembrance darkens every scene,
 And points, with horror, to a murder'd Queen.
 All lost to them the views, where ST. GERMAIN*
 From yon proud height surveys its rich domain,

lonade, supported by twenty-two Ionick pillars of the scarcest
 and most valuable marble.

The late Queen took great delight in it, and ornamented its
 garden with orangeries, shrubberies, &c.

* The palace of St. Germain, now much decayed, stands on
 a lofty eminence, at the foot of which runs the river Seine, at
 the distance of four leagues from Paris. The prospect from it
 is very extensive and beautiful, chiefly over a rich vintage
 country.

Where the poor peasant, when th' autumnal sky
Gives to the blushing grape its purple dye,
(The daily labour of the vintage o'er,)
Joins in the dance, and care exists no more.

Ah ! what avail, ST. CLOUD, thy spreading
shades,

Thy falling fountains, and thy bright cascades ?
Or that gay scene, where, rising from the Seine,
Thy rich pavillions, MARLY, grace the plain ?
Or that fam'd villa *, Pleasure's fav'rite seat,
Where Beauty's smiles endear'd the soft retreat ;
Where Barre's charms a Monarch's cares assuag'd,
And Love's own fires with brightest fervor rag'd ;

* The elegant villa on the hill at Marly, erected by Louis XV. for his favourite mistress, Madame du Barre. The situation is delightful ; the marble statues of Nymphs rising from the bath well executed, and its other decorations appropriate.

Madame du Barre was guillotined in the course of the Revolution.

Where

Where marble Nymphs, inflaming while they lave;
Increase those fires, while rising from the wave;
But in these paths the Muse forbears to rove,
Nor wakes the spirit of licentious love.

O'er Barre's fate shall Virtue's frown severe
Forbid the Muse to drop one heartfelt tear?
Was it a crime that beauty grac'd her form,
That beauty first expos'd her to the storm?
Was it her crime a generous Monarch lov'd?
That love to her a gift most fatal prov'd;
Hard was her fate, and so unjust her doom,
Virtue herself now weeps upon her tomb.

From scenes like these, calm unembitter'd joys
In minds, unstung with self-reproach, may rise;
But scenes like these are feeble to atone,
For health and peace and fortune lost and gone.

Yet,

Yet, all unbiass'd, the prophetic Muse,
Scenes more propitious, fast approaching views ;
Letters, once more, their pow'rful influence shed,
Rich with the living treasures of the dead ;
Science relumes her lamp ; at whose lov'd name
The Arts, rekindling, catch the glowing flame ;
Commerce, awake, in untried channels flows,
And spreads the sail to every wind that blows ;
While Ceres smiles o'er fields of waving corn,
And laughing Plenty fills her ample horn.

May future Tourists here improve their hours,
Enlarge their knowledge, and their mental pow'rs ;
Stem Dissipation's wide o'erbearing flood,
And turn their travels to their COUNTRY'S GOOD !

ON THE
PREVALENCE OF THE GERMAN DRAMA

ON THE
BRITISH STAGE. 1800.

By a Gentleman.

SAY from what cause proceeds the modern rage
For German dramas on the British stage ;
Shall British tears for ever cease to flow,
Save through the fount which streams from German
woe,

And laughter lose its empire o'er the pit,
Except when forc'd from heavy German wit ?
Shine Thames's Swans less bright than those which
lave

Their silver plumage in the Danube's wave ?
Or are their dying notes aught less divine,
Than those which echo on the boasted Rhine ?

E

Im-

Immortal Shakspeare ! how shall we appease
 Thy shade, indignant now at wrongs like these ?
 Thy day declining, though true genius weeps,
 “ Still on that bank thy own bright moonlight sleeps * ; ”
 See lovely VIOLA, not yet outdone,
 Though rival'd now by Virgins of the Sun † ;
 Unequall'd still, of peerless maids the chief,
 “ Like monumental Patience smiles at grief ‡ ; ”
 While furious RICHARD mounts his fiery steed,
 And, proudly emulous of martial need,
 Unsheaths his sword, and calls his warrior train,
 “ To scourge these strangers o'er the seas again § . ”

Oh thou ||, whose wit our plaudits can command,
 Whose genuine dramas speak a master's hand ;

* Merchant of Venice.

† Pizarro.

‡ Twelfth Night.

§ Richard the Third.

|| Mr. Sheridan.

Whose patriot voice so oft is heard to rise,
In proud disdain of foreign hir'd allies,
See how thy own, once verdant, laurels fade,
Since thou canst stoop to call in foreign aid ;
Since thou canst join the tame translating crew,
And banish Avon's Bard for Kotzebue.

Is Indolence the God before whose shrine
Devoutly bend the votaries of the Nine ?
Coy are the Muses, and will ne'er inspire,
The Bard who slumbers o'er the living lyre ;
The blooming garden, and the fruitful soil,
Yield not their treasures unsubdu'd by toil.

What truths, what morals gives the German stage,
In Wisdom's paths to guide a fickle age ?
There Passion lawless, wild, and unconfin'd,
Usurps its empire o'er the yielding mind ;
Spurns at all rule, and owning no controul,
At length to frenzy drives the feeling soul.

There Sensibility, with sickly mien,
Sheds her pale languor o'er Life's varied scene,
And at each fancied ill, with groundless fear,
Heaves the deep sigh, and calls the starting tear ;
By her enfeebled, can we climb the steep,
Where self-denying Virtue loves to keep
Her awful seat ; inexorably just,
She, ever mindful of her sacred trust,
Bids by her sons this law be understood,
In partial evil dwells the general good.

THE ORIGIN OF QUADRILLE.

FROM THE FRENCH *.

A JEU D'ESPRIT.

THROUGH Tempe's sweet vale, as they stroll'd
on a time,

The little rogue Love, and the great God of Rhyme,
An old Deity met—from Parnassus he came,
A vast bundle he bore, and Ennui was his name;
A bundle of madrigals, songs for the fiddles,
Rondeaus, long Romances, and sonnets, and riddles.

“ Ah ! ah ! ” cried Apollo, with critical glee,
“ Success to the Muses !—here's business for me !

* The original of the following Poem was published about the year 1756; at which period the passion for Quadrille raged equally in France and England.

“ Good-morrow, Ennui.”—“ Sire of Poetry, hail !

“ I come, as you see, to this laurel-deck’d vale,

“ To collect these stray verses, these morsels so rare,

“ With which, every day, a most delicate fare !

“ I feed human kind—but I cannot now stay,

“ For numerous engagements demand me to-day.

“ I must be at the bar, on the toilet attend,

“ And be by, when the daily Gazettes shall be

“ penn’d ;

“ I am call’d to assist at a Supper polite,

“ And an elegant Ball will demand me at night ;

“ Academies, Concerts, and circles so gay,

“ All alike claim my presence, and even the Play.

“ No Deity sure for more homage can call,

“ For my poppy-wreath’d sceptre presides over all.”

“ Stop, stop ! for a moment,” cries Venus’s son ;

“ Why wish you my stay ?—tell me what’s to be

“ done ?”

“ You shall see,” answer’d Cupid—so quickly beguil’d,

He tarried, and thus cried the mischievous child :

“ Since

“ Since chance has to-day thus assembled us three,
“ Let us play at some game—Blind-man’s buff is
for me.”

And then to cast lots, he proposes with art,
That each from his quiver should draw forth a dart :
Unlucky Ennui, as he carelessly drew,
Instead of one arrow, alas ! pull’d out two—
“ He would cheat us !” cries Cupid, “ some trick is
“ design’d ;
“ ’Tis him, I declare it, ’tis him we must blind.”

The God bow’d his head, nor suspected the plot,
And Love tied the bandage with many a knot ;
Then secretly titter’d, well pleas’d with his plan ;
“ Now catch us,” he cried, “ poor Ennui, if you
“ can !”

Ah ! vain the attempt !—the old Deity blind,
To right and to left, and before and behind,

Out-stretches his arms ;—now slow-moving he feels,
And now stepping quicker, he staggers and reels ;
He frets, and impatiently fidgets around,
But alas ! his two play-fellows cannot be found ;
And with keenest vexation, in spite of his pains,
Long-time he the blind-folded hero remains.

Fatigued with his efforts, at length, a last shift,
He tries just the edge of the bandage to lift ;
And now with amazement, the poor cheated elf,
Discovers, alas ! that he plays by himself.
Our wags had departed, and quitted the plain ;
All breathless he calls them, but halloos in vain :
To complete his distress, all his verses so sweet,
Torn, trodden in dust, lie dispers'd at his feet.
“ By what crime have I urg'd,” he exclaims, “ this
“ vile pair
“ Of crafty young Gods my resentment to dare ?
“ 'Tis true I have stolen this bundle of Rhyme,
“ But Phœbus himself can scarce call it a crime ;
“ Since

“ Since he had disown’d it, why, where is the
“ wrong ?

“ To me, and me only, the verses belong.

“ Wherever I find it, my own I may seize ;

“ Then why am I punish’d with tricks base as these ?

“ They shall see I’m a Pow’r, since they brave the
“ just stroke,

“ Whom none shall, unpunish’d, presume to pro-
“ voke.

“ Without my revenge, if I pardon their spite,

“ May the forms and the fashions of wrong and of
“ right

“ Be banish’d from earth !—be all compliment o’er,

“ And the Robe and the Ribbon be valued no more !

“ May I ever renounce all sublime Dedications,

“ All Speeches, and e’en Academic Orations !

“ May the Op’ra dismiss me in lasting disgrace,

“ If I find not revenge for a treatment so base !

“ But

“ But to balance the crime, ere the culprit we
“ blame,
“ For Cupid, methinks, some excuse we may frame ;
“ He is but a child—so revenge I’ll employ
“ On that wicked Apollo, and pardon the boy ;—
“ I owe him some favour, as often through life,
“ He consigns to my influence both husband and
“ wife :
“ As it was by a game that they thus have offended,
“ Be a game the just means of my vengeance in-
“ tended.”

Much more the vext God had exclaim’d, but grew
faint,

And a long fit of gaping stopp’d short his complaint.

In head-racking reverie now see him stand ;
Each slow-rising fancy is plan’d and replan’d ;—
At length from the dull reservoir in his brain,
He calls a strange group, a new harlequin train :

O’er

O'er the thin pasteboard forms grotesque figures are
spread,

In motley assemblage of sable and red—

To each just gradations of rank he assigns,

And the quarrelsome colours with labour combines ;

Their names and their offices fixes so pat,

To this he gives *Punto*, and *Basto* to that ;

With ease each high-wrought appellation explores,

Frames the laws of *Codille*, and the great *Matadores* ;

Thus all in his hands when arrang'd with due skill,

The game was complete—and he call'd it QUA-

DRILLE.

“ Ye mortals !” he cries, “ whose sole business

“ and joy

“ Is to dupe and be dup'd—come, behold your

“ employ !

“ And PHŒBUS ! tho' wide may thy influence extend,

“ This game to thy empire shall soon put an end.

“ For

“ For not thy first fav’rites, best lov’d of thy race,
“ Though adorn’d with each pleasure, each charm,
“ and each grace,
“ Thy keen playful Wits, and thy Classics refin’d,
“ In their flow’ry enchantments one moment shall
“ bind
“ Three *Quadrillers*, who; anxious in fidgety pet,
“ Await their fourth partner to make up the set.
“ The nursling of Taste, by URANIA rear’d,
“ Fed with true Attic salt, and by talents endear’d;
“ Were he the sole Genius ’twixt France and Cathay,
“ Shall be deem’d but an Ass, if my game he can’t
“ play.

“ Not so my Disciple, a Player in vogue,
“ A Dupe heretofore, but *reform’d* to a Rogue;
“ Had he e’en learnt in Paris wheelbarrows to roll,
“ With no talents, no feeling, no taste, and no
“ soul;

“ Nay, e’en had he just such an instrument been,”

“ As Descartes would have prov’d a mere whirling

“ machine,

“ If these wonderful tablets he shuffles with skill,

“ And from morning to evening sticks close to

“ QUADRILLE,

“ Shall claim, so renown’d this invention of mine,

“ The title exclusive to *please* and to *shine*.

—“ Yes! *to play* is the merit—’tis knowledge su-

“ preme;

“ Of old, it is true—what an Anchorite dream!

“ A man all alone, a good book in his hand,

“ With a calm, tranquil brow could my empire

“ withstand;

“ But now, when a Mortal his mind would amuse,

“ Himself can do nothing, *three* more he must

“ chuse.

“ Though this seems to threaten my sovereign rod,

“ I still shall rule o’er them, their tutelar God;

“ Con-

“ Conceal’d near the table, in secret I’ll stand,
“ And a blunder, a quarrel, a slip of the hand,
“ My influence and privilege soon shall restore,
“ And Ennui, all triumphant, shall reign as before.”

The implacable Pow’r, as his vengeance he will’d,
Thus pronounc’d his decree, and alas ! ’twas fulfill’d :
Jove nodded assent—Fate allow’d it to pass,
And transcrib’d it in haste on her tables of brass.
—In lofty Pindarics, Apollo in vain
Tried to sooth the old God, but he scorn’d the sweet
 strain ;
The course of the sentence not now could be stem’d,
And the GOD of the MUSES was, guiltless, condemn’d.

A
FORLORN STRANGER
TO
MISS WATTS.

IN the following Lines are recited most of the particulars known of the Cedars, once growing at Quenby-hall, near Leicester; the seat of the late Shuckbrugh Ashby, Esq. They are supposed to have been spoken by the only one of those trees now remaining, and were occasioned by a sketch of it, taken by Miss Watts on the 24th of July, 1801, from which she afterwards finished an elegant Drawing.

THE AUTHOR.

A FORLORN STRANGER

TO

MISS WATTS.

O THOU, whose bosom tend'rest pity knows,
Who readiest art to weep a Stranger's woes ;
Who never hear'st e'en imag'd grief express
Without a kindred feeling in thy breast,
Hear, kindly hear, a lonely Stranger's tale,
Which long has died unheeded on the gale ;
So long indeed, that Hope herself had flown,
And sad I pin'd neglected or unknown ;
Till late some friendly Genius brought thee nigh
My mountain spot, and plac'd me in thy eye ;
And whisp'ring said, " Though ills thy life attend,
" Be cheer'd ; thou shalt not fall without a friend."

F

Beyond

Beyond those plains the sun-burnt Syrian holds *,
And his thin flock the swarthy Arab folds,
'Mong rocky mountains, wide surveying earth,
From noblest race I drew my seeds of birth ;
Rich in the lively hope I safe shou'd prove
The sweets of freedom and parental love.
Vain hope ! for doom'd unnumber'd ills to share :
A British hand (what will not Britons dare !)
Seiz'd my scarce infant form, and, laughing, bore
His puny prize to Albion's stormy shore.
Too young to weigh the mis'ries of my fate,
At first I scarcely mourn'd my exile state ;
Nay, when my Spoiler call'd me noble, rare,
While he consign'd me to a Nephew's † care,

* The mountains of Libanus or Libanon are situated in that part of Syria which lies between the antient Sidon and Damascus. In the desert parts of the country, which are extensive, tribes of wandering Arabs pitch their tents, and feed their flocks.

Eton's Survey of the Turkish Empire.

† The seeds from which the Quenby Cedars were produced, are believed to have been brought from the Levant by Mr. Wil-

liams

Proud of his praise, my native land forgot ;
 I dreamt of good to come, and lov'd my lot.
 Ah ! vain the dreams which youthful fancy forms,
 Untried the fury of Life's angry storms :
 And fairest views, false luring, oft presage
 Long trains of ill and wretchedness in age.
 Oft thus the Sun bright rises in the morn,
 And smiling prospects the young day adorn ;
 Yet the fine promise, serving to deceive,
 Portends but chilling rains, and cheerless gloomy
 eve.

Not that my new, a cruel master prov'd ;
 He own'd my worth, and all my tribe he lov'd :

liam Ashby, a Turkey Merchant, and to have been given by him to his nephew, George Ashby, Esq. called by Evelyn "honest George Ashby the Planter ;" who is supposed to have planted these trees between the years 1680 and 1690. — See Nichols's History of Leicestershire.

It does not appear that any Cedar of Libanus ripened seeds in England before the year 1766. — See Martyn's Miller.

He bade me, and nine brothers * brave beside,
Live near his home, and o'er his groves preside :
Safe in their sheltering homage, bold defy
The harshest rigours of a Northern sky ;
And, certain of his favour, rise sublime,
Forgetful of our native, warmer clime.
Big with proud youth, of these his honors vain,
We scorn'd the low Plebeians of the plain.
Strong, by the love of eminence impell'd,
The nobler Sylvans too we soon excell'd :
Nay, confident in strength, we 'sdain'd to yield
E'en to the Chief who long had rul'd the field.
Though sturdy was his form, his arm though long,
Our forms were sturdy too †, our arms as long.

* Nichols's History says, there were nine Cedars at Quenby, and that they *all* died. As this certainly is not the case, it seems probable that there were ten, out of which number nine really died.

† The size of the Cedar still remaining is that of the largest English Oaks. Its dimensions are as follows :

Height

Thus emulation led us to endure
 Ills, to which Fate denied the hope of cure :
 For, while our heads we with the proudest rear'd,
 And kept our course as though we never fear'd,
 In winter oft, by falling snows oppress'd,
 Our drooping forms proclaim'd us sore distress.
 The transient Summer too but bade us mourn
 The near approach of Winter's wat'ry urn ;
 Or else revolve, in sickening sad despair,
 On distant homes and Asia's warmer air.

Shou'd the poor Mariner, when wreckt and tost
 On Zembla's rocks, or Hudson's icy coast,

	Ft.	In.
Height	42	0
Girt, at two feet from the ground	14	2
Ditto, at eight ditto	12	0
Length of the longest branch	30	0
The longest spread of the branches	58	0

It covers about 267 square yards, and contains about 180 cubical feet of timber.

Meet but some messmates, though like him forlorn,
Safe cast on shore, 'by pitying billows borne ;
Their partnership in ill his spirit cheers,
And Hope reviv'd her trembling pinions rears ;
Bids them construct the hut, the fire prepare,
Hunt for their food, and brave the freezing air,
And wait, expectant, till the hour may come
That brings release, and gives them back to home :
But if alone he 'scape the angry wave,
His mates deep buried in a wat'ry grave,
Low sinks his soul, his heart black horror fills,
And ev'ry thought ideal mis'ry chills ;
Shuddering he feels the " parching winds burn
" frore,"

Or sees the icy masses cliff the shore ;
Dead to all effort, on the beach he lies,
Weeps for his friends and home, and moans and
dies.

Lady, be told, such fate has been my own ;
Sufferings in both these states, alas ! I've known

For

For eighty years, with nine companions true,
In hardship join'd, I brav'd each storm that blew ;
For friendship's social balms ne'er fail'd to cheer
The wildest fury of a British year.
The eightieth year brought fresh increase of pain ;
Another Lord possess'd our wide domain :
He saw ; and, of his foreign vassals proud,
Advance *, said he, from 'mong the Sylvan crowd.
No longer hide in glooms your spreading state ;
Stand full in view, and grace and guard my gate.
Ah ! fatal order ! destiny severe,
Which long I've mourn'd, and mourn with many a
tear :

For, while our shelter'd glade we sad resign'd,
And duteous held the place our Lord assign'd,

* Shuckbrugh Ashby, Esq. on purchasing the Quenby estate of another branch of the family in the year 1770, found all the Cedars in a flourishing state, but somewhat crowded by other trees. Desirous of rendering such fine and curious objects more conspicuous, he cut down the trees that grew near them ; when all but one died, in consequence of this unfortunate exposure.

The irksome change, keen on our spirits prey'd,
Sapt our best vigour, and our strength decay'd.
Thus cheerless, weaken'd, and with fading form,
We met th' unbroken fury of the storm :
The storm prevail'd ! Nine brothers by my side
Confest its force, and, sickening, droopt and died.—
Ah ! woe 's the hour which doom'd me thus to stand
The lone survivor in a foreign land ;
Of sweet society's support bereft,
With not one joy, and scarce a comfort left :
And, while my blighted form to ruin tends,
The mould'ring monument of former friends
Oft on it, rushing from th' Atlantic main,
The strong South-Wester pours the driving rain ;
Or the North-East, dire arm'd with sleety show'r,
Attacks my veteran head with ruthless pow'r ;
And neighb'ring Sylvans scorn me, bending low
'Neath frequent weights of congregated snow.
Thus solitary, batter'd, view'd with scorn,
Could ills be added to my state forlorn ?

Ah !

Ah ! patient hear my lengthen'd tale, and know
That ills were added to my mass of woe.

When Destiny severe, and storms full sore,
Bade my companions cease, and be no more,
In my Lord's breast their fate compassion mov'd ;
With me he mourn'd the vassals whom he lov'd ;
And all his value for my partners gone,
With kind regard was plac'd on me alone.
Thus sympathy, and added honours kind,
Sooth'd, though they cou'd not ease, my tortur'd
mind :

But ah ! the ills that lengthen'd life attend !
Him I survive !—Him, him, my only friend !
He's gone !!! and with him died the only ray
That cheer'd the gloom of my declining day.
He's gone !!! nor does the distant hope remain,
I e'er shall know a master's love again :
His rich domains another heir now claims,
With other fav'rites, and with other aims ;

His noble mansion, once the fair abode
Of Science, Friendship, and of ev'ry good,
Decaying *, empty, desolate, forlorn,
Mourns o'er those fields it seems but to adorn.
The crest bedeckt, the hospitable gate,
Rusts on the hinge fast fixt in useless state ;
The Clock, sad sounding, lonely tells the hour
But to the Owl, dull mopeing in her bow'r ;
Or from the parapet affrights the Daw
To rouse still Silence by her noisy caw.
Oft too, when tempests rend the darkling year,
And threaten desolation, sad I hear,
Loud in the hall, while pelting rains beat foul,
Th' affrighted Genius of the mansion howl :

* Mr. Ashby died in the year 1792, since which time the house has scarcely ever been inhabited. It is now nearly empty of furniture, and only occasionally entered by a servant, who resides in a small cabin in the garden, totally concealed by the surrounding trees. Hence, as the house stands at a considerable distance from any habitation, it appears truly forlorn.

I sigh responsive, and we both deplore
Our master gone, and happiness no more.

Thus (hear me patient) long, yes long, I've
stood

A wretched exile, 'reft of every good ;
And yet, tho' sad the tale recorded here,
Still other ills I see, and justly fear :
For though my form now verges to decay,
And the fierce storm I feel I must obey,
Th' impatient Tenant, greedy of his land,
Reluctant yields the spot on which I stand ;
Thinks Fate too tardy, burns to give the blow
That ends my life, and lays my honours low :
Nay, much I fear too, lest a needy heir
Should scarce consent my with'ring age to spare ;
But, scorn'd my wish, shou'd from the lov'd do-
main

Drive me, dishonour'd by his love of gain.

Rackt

Rackt by these fears, one morn * I saw with joy
My form had caught thy keen discerning eye ;
And, while benevolence beam'd o'er thy face,
I saw thy Artist hand my outline trace :
Since then, for so I learn, thy magic skill
(Which, fair Enchant'ress, quick obeys thy will)
Has the white surface, not unwilling, taught
To glow admir'd, with my resemblance fraught ;
Consign'd, I learn'd too, is the precious prize
To one †, who views me oft with friendly eyes :
One too, who long shall utmost pleasure take ;
Guarding the image for the Artist's sake.
Thanks to thee, friendly Fair : Thy smiles have
 cur'd
Much of those keenest pangs I long endur'd :
Though lone I live, yet still that hardest lot
Shall not be mine, to die a wretch forgot.

* July 24, 1801.

† John Dudley, Vicar of Humberston, near Leicester.

Thy Patron favour too shall raise me Friends ;
And friendship best the Veteran defends.
Take then my thanks.—Not thanks alone are due ;
Thanks are too cold :—Accept my wishes too.
Ne'er may those ills that I've been doom'd to bear
E'er wring thy heart, or cause one sigh or tear ;
Should trouble come, since trouble man must know,
Firm may'st thou meet the not unfriendly foe :
Yet may thy ills be such as soonest cease ;
Leaving thy tranquil mind compos'd to peace.

THE CEDAR OF QUENBY.

October 1, 1801.

POPE'S

POPE'S PROLOGUE TO CATO IMITATED.

BY A GENTLEMAN. 1801.

To wake the Soul with lively strokes of art,
 To raise the genius and to cheer the heart,
 To make mankind in sense and virtue bold,
 Live not in Ton, nor be what they behold :

For this the Comic Muse first trod the Stage,
 With useful satire lashing every age ;
 Drivers of gigs once more to feel were taught,
 And Bond-street loungers wonder'd how *they* thought :

Now Authors strive by vulgar springs to move,
 The Hero's glory, or the Virgin's love ;
 The hearts of Lovers pant for gold alone,
 And all ambition dwells in being known ;

Tears

Tears flow no longer from a generous cause,
 Nor mourns the Stage its violated laws;
 It bids your breasts with other ardours rise,
 And calls the Ideot's laugh from British eyes;
 Folly confest in human shape it draws,
 Nor heeds what Plato thought, or Cato was;
 No common objects to your sight displays,
 But such as Truth with shame and scorn surveys;
 No brave man 'mid the storms of fate serene,
 Monsters and non-descripts disgrace the scene.

When SHAKESPEARE rul'd the Stage by Nature's
 laws,

What bosom beat not in the Drama's cause?
 Who read his Plays but feel supreme delight?
 Who see his scenes but glory in the sight?

There, where to Heroes in the sacred Dome*,
 We raise the bust, and consecrate the tomb,

* Westminster Abbey.

Still, nobly vain, we guide th' enquiring eye,
 And shew our Shakspeare's figure plac'd on high;
 As our great Bard's revered Image rose,
Their pomp is darken'd, and *their* honours close,
Their triumphs cease; *his* form draws every eye,
 The world's great victors stand unheeded by;
 All hail the Bard first on the roll of fame,
 And honour Marlb'rough's less than Shakspeare's
 name.

Britons, attend; to worth like this aspire,
 And imitate the merit you admire;
 With honest scorn our children will lament,
 Their Sires translating, what they can't invent.
 Our scene precariously subsists too long
 On German models, on dumb shew, and song;
 Dare to have sense yourselves, reform the Stage,
 Be justly warm'd with your own native rage:
 Those Plays alone should please a British ear,
 Which call forth Nature's smile, or Nature's tear.

THE

THE LARK'S MORNING HYMN.

BY A GENTLEMAN. 1801.

THE soaring Lark at Heav'n's gate sings,
 And hails the rising morn,
 While gentle Zephyrs wave their wings,
 And shake the dewy thorn.

Parent of Light and Good ! receive
 Thy Songster's artless lays ;
 The tuneful notes thou deign'st to give,
 To Thee shall rise in praise.

What though no pealing Organ blows,
 Nor joins the vocal choir,
 The strain, from grateful hearts that flows,
 Is all Thou dost require.

G

Though

Though in this Temple of the skies
No white-rob'd Flamen stands,
Thou hear'st the songs of praise which rise
From Domes, not made with hands :

Too oft in gorgeous Fanes below,
While Music lends its strains,
Though from the lips thy praises flow,
The heart, untouch'd, remains.

While through the boundless tracks of air,
With fearless breast I rove,
And largely in thy blessings share,
Of Liberty and Love,

Thy gracious goodness I adore,
Which every wish outran ;
Thou gav'st me strength of wing to soar
Beyond the reach of Man.

Aloft

Aloft in air shall still be found
Thy Minstrel with his song,
When thy bright Sun begins his round,
And leads the hours along.

Still shall thy Bird at early dawn
Resume his daily task,
And, rising from the verdant lawn,
Thy bounteous blessings ask ;

Still shall thy Lark at Heav'n's gate sing,
And hail each opening morn,
While Zephyr brushes with his wing
The dew-drops off the thorn.

THE Newspapers having announced, that a Theatre was to be opened at Sydney Town, Botany Bay, and Plays to be performed by the Convicts, this Prologue is supposed to have been spoken by the celebrated Mr. B—rr—ngt—n, on that Occasion. 1801.

BY A GENTLEMAN.

FROM distant climes, o'er wide spread seas we
come,

(Though not with much éclat, or beat of drum)

True patriots all; for be it understood,

We left our country for our country's good;

No private views disgrac'd our generous zeal;

What urg'd our travels, was our country's weal;

And none will doubt, but that our emigration

Has prov'd most useful to the British nation.

But you enquire, in us whence springs this rage,

“To strut and fret our hour upon the stage?”

Could aught, within our former practice, teach,
Talents like ours, dramatic fame to reach?
List, list, Oh list, before this Court I plead,
Our claim well founded to Theatric meed.

He, who to midnight ladders is no stranger,
You'll grant will make an admirable *Ranger*;
To seek *Macbeath* we have not far to roam;
And sure in *Filch* I shall be quite at home;
Unrival'd there, none will dispute my claim
To high pre-eminence, and unequal'd fame.
As oft on *Gadshill* we have ta'en our stand,
“When 'twas so dark, you could not see your
“hand,”

Some true-bred *Falstaff* we may hope to start,
Who, when well-bolster'd, well will play his part.
The scene to vary, we shall try in time,
To treat you, now and then, with Pantomime;
Here light and easy Columbines are found,
And well-try'd Harlequins with us abound;

From durance vile our precious selves to keep,
We oft had recourse to the flying leap ;
To a black face have sometimes ow'd escape,
And Hounslow-heath has prov'd the worth of
crape.

But how, you ask, can we e'er hope to soar
Above these scenes, and rise to tragic lore ?
Oh ! we have forc'd, too oft, th' unwilling tear,
And petrify'd the heart with real fear ;
Macbeth a harvest of applause will reap,
For some of us, I fear, " have murder'd sleep."
His *Lady* too, with grace, will dream and talk ;
Our females have beem us'd at night to walk ;
While *Shylock*, thirsting to extinguish life,
With ready hand will whet the murderer's knife ;
Sometimes, indeed, so various is our art,
An actor may improve and mend his part ;
" Give me a horse," bawls *Richard*, like a drone ;
We'll find a man would help himself to one.

Grant

Grant us your favour, put us to the test ;
To gain your smiles we'll do our very best,
And, without dread of future Turnkey *Lockits*,
Thus, in an honest way, still *pick* your *pockets*.

RHYMES IN PRAISE OF RHYME.

BY A GENTLEMAN. 1800.

THOUGH we must own, poetic diction
Too oft delights to deal in fiction ;
Yet this is certain, honest Rhyme
Will tell plain truth at any time,
And in one word will oft say more,
Than the best Prose could in a score.
A few plain cases we shall state,
To free this matter from debate,

Mark you yon Glutton at a feast ?
And what says Rhyme ? he calls him—*Beast* ;
See you yon Drunkards swilling wine ?
Rhyme in a moment names them—*Swine* ;
When Flavia, not content with four,
Adds a fifth husband to her store,
Rhyme *thinks* a word, but speaks no more ;

What

What wants that Senator who blusters,
 And all his tropes and figures musters,
 Against the man who rules the Steerage?
 Rhyme whispers in your ear—a *Peerage*.
 What makes yon Patriot strain his lungs,
 And bawl as loud as twenty tongues,
 To prove his Country's dire disgrace?
 Rhyme smiling says—a *Place, a Place*.
 When Priests above seek their abode,
 Yet love to loiter on the road,
 And still on Lords and Statesmen fawn,
 Rhyme shakes his head, and whispers—*Lawn*.
 Which is the Nymph, who, soon as seen,
 Is hail'd through Europe, Beauty's Queen,
 Before whose charms the fairest fade?
 Rhyme gently sighs—the *British Maid*.
 Which is the Man, whose daring soul
 Conducts in war, from pole to pole,
 His Country's proud triumphant car?
 Rhyme shouts aloud—the *British Tar*.

A GENERAL PROLOGUE,
FOR ANY PLAY WHICH EVER WAS, OR EVER
WILL BE, WRITTEN.

1801.

BY A GENTLEMAN.

WHEN Children first are bath'd in Ocean's flood,
They wish themselves—*the Children in the Wood*;
So the poor Poet, who with anxious mind
Hears groans in dreams, and hisses in the wind,
On his first night gives fear unbounded scope,
And, tremblingly alive, scarce dares to hope.
Is it then prudent, politic, or fit,
That every Prologue should abound in wit?
Should its high seas'ning much provoke your laugh-
ter,

"Tis *Turtle soup*—you 'll relish nothing after ;

If

If its brisk movements make your spirits mount,
'Tis running Footman 'fore a German Count ;
While light and airy he outstrips the wind,
Six horses drag the heavy weight behind.

Some care the Prologue-writer's pen should guide,
Or hé may cause the ills he would avoid ;
And the poor Author may bewail too late,
The brilliant sallies which have wrought his fate.
What then is wit ? it pleases and offends,
And oft to foes converts the warmest friends ;
If ill directed, 'tis a false alarm,
And much less likely to do good than harm ;
Void of discretion, it at random flies,
And still in gentle breasts bids sorrow rise ;
Too prone to wound, too oft with mischief fraught,
Each bright idea, and each glitt'ring thought ;
Like *Patent shot*, which speed the Covey's flight,
And kill in all directions—but the right ;
At best, when guiltless of inflicting pain,
But idly gay, and innocently vain.

When

When Flora's hand profusely sheds around
Her thousand colours o'er th' enamel'd ground,
Plac'd 'mid the glowing beauties of the mead,
The patient Heifer knows not where to feed ;
And, seeking only Nature's modest green,
Starves in the flowery and luxuriant scene.

A Volunteer, arm'd in his Author's cause,
For him his pen the Prologue-writer draws ;
Still in his sight his Principal should set,
Not for an instant must his Chief forget ;
Himself a cypher, smiling and compliant,
A playful *Dwarf*, to walk before the *Giant* ;
Yet for the passing moment let him please,
With artless couplets and unstudied ease ;
Nor higher honours arrogantly claim,
Than those which grace a minor Poet's name ;
Then from remembrance drive him far away,
And keep, oh keep, your plaudits for the play.

AN AUTUMNAL SCENE.

SEASON of gladness!—to mankind how dear!
 We hail thee, Autumn!—glory of the year!
 Nor love thee only for thy plenteous horn
 Of blushing fruitage, and thy crown of corn:—
 In thee the Moralist delights to scan
 His fav'rite symbol of the life of Man;
 And points his lesson with a moral brief,
 To him, whose fortune's "in the yellow leaf."
 From thee, th' enraptur'd Painter loves to chuse
 His melting distance, and his mellow hues;
 With thee, each ardent Muse adorns her lays,
 And at thy shrine her duteous homage pays;
 While ever first th' exulting choir to lead,
 Thy own lov'd THOMSON "tunes his *Doric* reed;"
 He, who in strains with which no Muse shall vie,
 Spoke to the *heart*, and painted to the *eye*;

Call'd

Call'd up each image, living, to the sight—
Whose words were *colours*—whose ideas *light*.
As, calm, with hallow'd tread the Druid * roves,
In solemn musing through his sacred groves ;
And from his mighty “ harp of Phrygian frame,”
Wakes the bold notes that consecrate his name ;
In song sublime, of Nature's beauties sings,
And strikes to NATURE'S GOD the trembling strings ;
Led by his hand, we learn aright to trace
The rural scene in all its moral grace ;
And while this great Interpreter is nigh,
The verdant volume read with clearer eye :—
Come, then, illustrious Bard ! the Mind's best
friend,
Come, with kind step, th' Autumnal walk attend !

Lo ! now the waning Sun with temper'd ray,
Invites the foot from shelter'd domes to stray ;

* “ In yonder grave a Druid lies.”

Collins's Epitaph on Thomson.

Light-speckled vapours shade the sober blue,
And the green world assumes a softer hue.
We wander forth, and climb yon steep ascent,
With pleasing haste on varying purpose bent ;
To rove the Forest haunts, and studious trace
Th' instinctive manners of the savage race ;
Or with keen glance each sylvan beauty seize,
That, richly varied, decks the tribe of trees—
The *Oak*, proud guardian of Britannia's vale ;
The feathery *Ash*, that nods with every gale ;
The *Aspen*, doom'd perpetual dance to keep,
That knows no rest, e'en when the Zephyrs sleep ;
Majestic *Sycamores*, that rise erect,
And their broad leaves in solid shade connect ;
While graceful *Birch*, loose waving to the sight,
Through all its scatter'd sprays admits the light.

Now, as we issue from the woody glade,
The tangled walk, and cupola of shade,

Where

Where *Beeches* tall, their trunks like columns raise,
And all below restrain the straggling sprays,
Then spread above—while each bright leaf between,
The day-light twinkles through the vault of green;
A magic contrast bursts upon the sight,
In all the blaze of beauty and of light.

See, on the right slow-swelling hills arise,
Emboss'd with many a bush of varying dyes;
Where, 'mid the *Elm's* green foliage loth to fade,
The withering *Maple* joins its russet shade;
While on the left a gentle slope is seen,
Where winding hedges part the pastures green;
Undeck'd by trees, save where in rows 'out-spread,
One broad-leav'd grove o'ertops its modest head;
Here through the boughs the neat white cot appears,
And its meek spire the village Temple rears;
In front, with ample sweep extends a plain,
On whose broad circuit floats a sea of grain;

As o'er the bending spikes the breezes bound,
The rustling surface undulates around ;
At distance, see the toiling Reapers stand,
The Sickle twinkling in the busy hand ;
Around them soon a level circus spreads,
The crackling stems bow low their loaded heads.
Behind the lab'ring band, with sport and song,
In joyous troop the village children throng ;
As their keen eyes the precious field explore,
Their sun-dy'd fingers search the stubble o'er,
And snatch the ling'ring ear, the pittance scant,
A legal tythe, that Pity pays to Want.

But lo! the Skies have lost their azure mien,
And folding clouds o'ershade the beauteous scene ;
The rising winds the heavy vapours bear,
And rush portentous through the thick'ning air ;
Loud and more loud now swell the echoing blasts,
And one continued veil the Heavens o'ercasts,

H

Till

Till e'en the ling'ring streaks, whose languid blue
Tip'd the pale hills, are lost in sable hue.

Th' approaching storm the wary Reaper spies,
And with redoubled haste his Sickle plies—

Heedless of threat'ning skies, with labour gay

The youthful Gleaners still pursue their way,

Viewing with Fancy's eye the promis'd treat,

Of sweeten'd pottage and the butter'd wheat ;

Involv'd in future bliss they lightly bound,

Nor hear the distant thunder's startling sound.

The gath'ring storm, with solemn pace and slow,

As if uncertain where its bolts to throw,

Now seems to die away in far-off peals ;

Now on the ear in nearer cadence steals :

At length, its forces join'd, a dreadful train !

Its fury centres on the busy plain.

From sable clouds the arrowy Lightnings fly,
Then flit away, as if to mock the eye ;

That trembling Fancy, keener than the sight,
Might paint their terrors with increas'd affright.
In echoing crash now bursts the Thunder's sound,
And now in lengthening horror rolls around.
The deluge pours impetuous o'er the plain,
And mows in one vast heap the smoking grain;
The Reapers fly, while, struck with sudden dread,
Tumultuous o'er the field the Gleaners spread;
Before to fear unknown, the youthful crew
With piercing shrieks the certain danger view:
Confus'd by terror, different ways they run,
And meet the peril which they seek to shun.

One beauteous girl, amid th' affrighted train,
With calmer footsteps pac'd the delug'd plain;
An Orphan, whom, her little stores to share,
A village Matron train'd with tender care.
How fair the little Maid, her mind how sweet,
Each rustic tongue would o'er and o'er repeat;

'Twas hers to charm, in sober talk or play,
Joy of the grave, and darling of the gay !
The rural Sage, as at his cottage door
He sat and mus'd on pleasures then no more,
Lov'd to behold the gentle listener near,
And win with story long, her youthful ear :
While as th' alluring tales her mind engage,
Her tender features wear the thought of age.
No sports her young companions joy'd to taste,
Except her frolick smiles the gambol grac'd ;
But now, subdued by terror's potent pow'r,
They left their partner in the dang'rous hour.
Trembling she sought a shelt'ring spot to gain,
Safe from the beating of th' o'erwhelming rain.
At length, o'ergrown with tangled brush-wood
 round *,
A shady bank the little wand'rer found ;

* The following description was suggested by the beautiful picture of the Gleaner, worked by Miss Linwood.

Here her faint limbs she rests—high o'er her head,
Its rich embow'ring boughs an Oak outspread ;
The bloom grows fainter on her lovely cheeks,
Yet her mild look a patient rev'rence speaks :
One trembling hand grasps half her grainy prize,
Half, drop'd beneath her feet, forsaken lies ;
One folds her mantle o'er her shiv'ring form,
While her blue eye, upturn'd, surveys the storm.

It pours around—the driving clouds and rain
In one dim hue conjoin skies, trees, and plain ;
Oft the rude blast assails her features fair,
Tossing with cruel rage her golden hair—
Rain-drops and hail in drifts successive beat,
Cold, keen, and pointed on her unshod feet ;
Sedate she sits—she fears, but not despairs ;
Her tender breast a magic corslet wears ;
There Innocence has fix'd her hallow'd seat,
And taught the heart with holy hope to beat.

Ah ! what, when Nature thus terrific lours,
And, awful, wakes her elemental Pow'rs ;
When Danger, clad in horrors, from his hand
Hurls the dire bolt, and darts the fiery brand ;
When all Creation, in a pause, attends,
And dread Destruction from on high descends :
Ah ! what can still the tort'ring throb of fear,
But the sweet hope that GUARDIAN Pow'ER is near ?
That HE who rules the *Storm*, will deign to spread
His heavenly Buckler o'er the *guiltless* head ?

A LOVE

A LOVE SONG,

ADAPTED TO THE MERCENARY MANNERS OF THE AGE,

1801.

BY A GENTLEMAN.

I.

BOAST not to me the charms that grace

The finest form, or fairest face ;

Shape, bloom, and feature I despise ;

Wealth, Wealth, is beauty to the wise.

2.

Come then, my Cræsa, fill my arms,

With all thy various store of charms ;

Charms that of Time defy the rage,

And laugh at wrinkles and old age.

H 4

3. Come

3.

Come then, oh come, and with thee bring
The thousand joys from wealth that spring;
Oh! bring the deeds of thy estate,
Thy quit-rents, mortgages, and plate.

4.

Still keep, unseen, those auburn locks,
And yield thy treasures in the stocks;
Oh! hide that soft, that snowy breast,
And give, instead, thy Iron Chest.

5.

Thy Guineas shame the blushing Rose,
Which in those cheeks, unheeded, blows;
Too sweet for me that ruby lip,
Give me thy India Bonds and Scrip.

6.

Can aught with those bright eyes compare?
Thy Diamonds, Nymph, still brighter are.

Can

Can aught those pearly teeth excell?
Thy Pearls themselves please me as well.

7.

Say, dost thou boast that beauteous arm?
Its Bracelet boasts a richer charm;
Those fingers too are lovely things,
But lovelier far their brilliant rings.

8.

My passion, Nymph, brooks no delay
For charms which never feel decay;
Charms which will mock thy fleeting breath,
And yield their raptures after death.

PROLOGUE,

On opening a new Provincial Theatre. 1800.

BY A GENTLEMAN.

BRITAIN, in arts and arms confess'd supreme,
Whence is her Drama now in low esteem ?
Its Theatres gigantic, Fashion rears
To please our *eyes*, and disappoint our *ears* ;
Hence modern Plays but small distinction know,
Reason and Sense must be displac'd for shew ;
In accents loud, OTHELLO vents his rage ;
Though loud, yet lost to all before the Stage ;
With truth he mourns, from causes more than one,
That now " Othello's occupation's gone ;"
MACBETH despairs his honours to retain,
Though Birnam wood comes not to Dunsinane ;
And HAMLET ceases further self-debate,
Convinc'd that " Not to be," decides his fate.

Passion's

Passion's extinct, and wit for ever sleeps ;
Not that CASTALIO's lost, MONIMIA weeps,
But that she, wretched Orphan, hapless Fair,
Now wastes her sweet tones on the desert air :
Blue-beard becomes the hero of the Stage,
And *Mother Goose* the charmer of the age.

We boast not here a wide-extended plain,
Rome's Colosseum, or new Drury-lane ;
But that our house is just of such a size,
That it may please your *ears* as well as *eyes*.
Our skilful Architect * delights to grace,
With art Palladian, this his native place ;
His lib'ral mind admits one passion more,
The love of fame—but fame was his before.

Too much of late our fond regards we fix
On *speechless Spectres* from the banks of Styx ;

* John Johnson, Esq.

In former times, indeed, the Stage could boast
Witches and Fairies, and sometimes a Ghost ;
But Ghosts were then communicative things ;
The shades of Heroes, or of murder'd Kings ;
Who seem'd dispos'd t' unveil their dread abode,
But vanish'd when the morning herald crow'd.

Now *Lady Ghosts*, still bound by Fashion's laws,
In death delight us, rob'd in flowing gauze ;
In solemn silence flit before our eyes,
Nor can we guess why from the grave they rise,
Save to convince th' incredulous and ill-bred,
That *Ladies* can keep secrets,—when they're *dead*.

Forgive, ye Fair, this sally of the Muſe,
Nor her just tribute of applause refuse.
If aught of ample or of fair renown
Shall grace the annals of this favour'd Town ;
If aught of lasting and of well-earn'd praise,
'Tis female merit shall the column raise.

In

In music and in poetry, to you
The meed of eminence is justly due ;
The imitative arts, well pleas'd, survey, .
Your pow'rs their various properties display,
While in your hands, to Taste and Nature true,
They own the Pencil, and the Needle too.

And you, whose breasts the love of science warms,
Whom Genius favours, and whom Fancy charms,
Here seek the Muses in their lov'd retreats,
And, with your presence, honour oft these seats.

COMPLAINT

OF THE GENIUS OF THE FLOWERS.

*An Elegy on the Death of the Plants in the severe Winter
of 1798.*

“ RELENTLESS Frost ! why from thy Northern

“ Throne,

“ Where stern thou sit'st on Lapland's icy shore,

“ Whose wretched Sons their wint'ry woes bemoan,

“ For ever prison'd in thy regions hoar ;

“ Usurp'st thou thus the temp'rate Western sky ?

“ Tyrannic reigning o'er these fair domains ;

“ Arm'd with keen breezes that at once destroy,

“ The guarded Green-house, and th' unshelter'd

“ plains.

“ With

“ With fond regret and weeping eye I trace
“ Each tender plant that drops its fainting head;
“ I view with many a sigh the vacant vase,
“ Where once its charms a verdant Fav’rite
“ spread.

“ Charms, that with guardian hand, some gentle
“ Fair,
“ Faithful, each morn and eve, was wont to tend;
“ The feeble stem she train’d with fost’ring care,
“ And fondly watch’d the vegetable Friend.

“ To deck it, oft she call’d her pencil’s aid,
“ And, pleas’d to exercise her tasteful hand,
“ With gay device the mimic urn pourtray’d,
“ And rang’d her Favourites on the painted Stand.

“ Is’t not enough, that soft MIMOSA dies;—
“ True emblem of the heart that feels too much;
“ Which, blooming only in congenial skies,
“ Shrinks at a breath, and withers at a touch.

“ But

- “ But must the *ALOE* fall ?—whose stubborn form
“ Craves no nutritious mould, or chearing rain ;
“ Like the stern mind that braves Life’s angry storm,
“ Requires no transport, and can feel no pain.
- “ Not the sweet odour of the *ROSE* and *PINE*,
“ Could from thy fatal grasp *GERANIUM* save ;
“ Nor could the fragrant *MYRTLE*, Plant divine !
“ Th’ unsparing vengeance of thy breezes brave.
- “ Pride of the Green-house, *AMARYLLIS* gay,
“ No more unfolds her crimson-petal’d head ;
“ No more *CAMELLIA* cheers the wintry day,
“ With her bright flow’rs of deepest-tinted red.
- “ No more shall *TURNSOLE* * shed its odourous
“ scent,
“ Nor *CISTUS* bloom, the beauty of an hour ;
-

* *Heliotropium*.

“ Nor CYCLAMEN, with eye still downward bent,
“ The Snow-drop’s sister, hang its modest flow’r!

“ No more my graceful ERICAS disclose,
“ As when o’er blooming ranks they woo’d the
“ sight,

“ Clusters of fairy-bells with tints of rose,
“ Or corols clear, of alabaster white *.

“ Nor, cruel Spoiler ! could the Muse’s pray’r,
“ From one lov’d plant avert thy fatal doom,
“ Nor win thee, Classic DITTANY to spare—
“ Its woolly leaves, its flow’rs of purple bloom.

“ And e’en the LAUREL, doom’d from antient time
“ To bind the Hero’s and the Poet’s brows,
“ The bright reward of Song and Deed sublime,
“ Among the rest, thy barb’rous pow’r avows!

* *Erica translucens*.

- “ Yet, spite of all thy rage in Britain’s land,
“ Still will I fix my first, my fav’rite seat ;
“ For Science here waves high her magic wand,
“ And Taste and Genius find a blest retreat.
- “ Here not the learn’d alone, with studious care
“ The various wonders of my kingdom trace ;
“ But, nobly emulous, the British Fair
“ Amid the Sons of Science claim a place.
- “ As through these cultur’d valleys, pleas’d, I rove,
“ Scorning the changeful Season’s cruel doom,
“ I view with rapture in the English grove
“ Plants that shall flourish in immortal bloom.
- “ For here, unfading, Valour’s LAUREL grows,
“ The hardy native of the British isle ;
“ And Gallia feels, and wond’ring Egypt knows,
“ How late it bloom’d, transplanted, on the
“ NILE.
- “ Here

- “ Here SENSIBILITY, with genuine grace,
“ The young Mimosa of the moral tribe,
“ Glows in the bosoms of the Female race,
“ And bids the Soul refin’d delight imbibe.

“ But ah! sweet Maids! whom this soft charm
“ attends,
“ Alike on Fortitude your care bestow;
“ With prudent art unite the gentle Friends,
“ And each to each its chiefest charm shall owe.

“ See the tall IRIS * its bright head uprear,
“ And, while the golden flow’rs that crest its brow,
“ Full oft are gem’d with an unnotic’d tear,
“ Its firm erected stem disdains to bow.

“ Thus, my fair Vot’ries! while with pleasing care
“ You give my verdant tribes the studious hour,
“ As with keen eye you trace their beauties rare,
“ Scorn not the MORAL of the silent Flow’r.”
-

* *Iris uvaria.*

CANZONETTE.

FROM METASTASIO.

SPRING.

SEE the laughing Spring advancing,
In her blooming wreaths array'd ;
See the playful Zephyr dancing,
O'er each flow'r and waving blade.

See the tree its leaves recover,
Herbage decks again the plains ;
But my heart, its season over !
Wonted peace not so regains.

Sun-beams pure new warmth bestowing,

Chace the mountain ice away ;

And each sloping summit glowing,

Proudly spreads its green array :

While the rill, in gay meanders,

Free from fetters sportive glides ;

And its borders, as it wanders,

Drink fresh verdure from its tides.

Now the Oak, whose aged glory

Decks the Alp's impending brow,

From its branches, bare and hoary,

Slowly shakes the ling'ring snow.

Countless flow'rs the fields adorning,

Gay, in trembling beauty, smile,

And the glories of their morning,

Cruel Ploughshares spare awhile.

Soaring see the faithful Swallow
Seek her antient nest again,
Leaving Egypt's wastes to follow
Spring and Pleasure o'er the main.

Fleet her fearless pinion bending,
Light she skims the yielding air;
Heedless of the net impending,
Lo! she meets the Fowler's snare.

See, with charms that Nature dresses,
How the lovely rustic lass,
Runs to bind her flowing tresses,
With a fountain for her glass,

Now the flocks, to joy awaking,
Haste where springing pastures spread;
Fishers, see, the shore forsaking—
Pilgrims quit their wint'ry shed,

Now

Now the Pilot, known to danger,
Oft the treach'rous billows' sport ;
He who late, a shipwreck'd stranger,
Sorrowing sought his native port ;

Sees the placid Ocean curling,
Clear beneath the rising breeze,
And his vent'rous sail unfurling,
Fearless tempts th' inviting seas.

—I alone, all joy foregoing,
Phillis! must thy rigour feel ;
Canst thou then, no balm bestowing,
Give the wound, and scorn to heal?

Could I, freedom once regaining,
Burst the cruel bonds I wear,
Love, and all his woes disdaining,
I no more would tempt the snare.

Laurel-wreathes my brows adorning,
Thy lov'd name alone to sing,
Ev'ry meaner subject scorning,
Oft I struck the golden string.

Know, proud Maid ! if, unrelenting,
No soft pity thou wilt learn ;
All my faithful cares repenting,
I will scorn thee in my turn.

Oh ! forgive, forgive the measure,
That would rash complaints renew,
Phillis ! still thou art my treasure :—
Murmurs prove my love is true.

Whether with your smiles you bless me,
Smiles, which all my griefs controul ;
Or with cruel frowns distress me,
Reign the sov'reign of my soul !

SUM-

SUMMER.

AH! see the Season, friend of flow'rs,
 From earth her blooming gifts withhold!
 Now Summer leads the sultry hours,
 Her tresses bound with ears of gold.

So fiercely o'er the burning sands,
 Wide-spreading, shoots the fiery ray,
 That not Cyrene's barb'rous lands
 More keenly feel the torrid day.

No more the Morning's dawning glow
 Is bath'd in cool and early dews;
 No silent show'r, descending slow,
 The bloom of herb and flow'r renews.

The

The ebbing streams, and fountains dry,
No longer feed the arid ground ;
While, thirsting for the kind supply,
It gapes in many a chink profound.

The Beech, whose renovated boughs
Young May had rob'd in mantle green,
Inclines his dust-besprinkled brows,
All mournful, with discolour'd mien.

And, ingrate to his native seat,
Beyond his trunk no shade extends ;
Not e'en the rill that bathes his feet
His verdure from the sun defends.

With bosom wet, and face bedew'd,
His limbs outstretch'd in uncouth guise,
On heaps of grain, by toil subdued,
The languid Reaper slumb'ring lies.

His

His village Maid beside him stands,
All beauteous in her rude array ;
And from his brow with gentle hands
She wipes the fainting drops away.

Extended on the burning ground,
The faithful dog, his vigour o'er,
Faint, by his master's side is found ;
His feeble tongue can bay no more.

With lab'ring chest and heaving side,
He gasps to catch the welcome gale ;
His thirsty jaws, extended wide,
The burning, noxious air inhale.

The Bull, who, on the laurel's bark
Would fiercely whet his horns for fight,
While Nymphs and Swains were wont to mark,
With wond'ring eye his lordly might ;

Beside

Peside the riv'let's shrinking tide

Lies slothful, all his glory o'er;

The gentle Heifer by his side,

Responsive joins his feeble roar.

No more the Birds their pinions beat,

But shun the day, reposing still;

The Nightingale her beechen seat

Resigning to Cicala's shrill,

The Serpent now his skin renews,

(His deadly life again begun;)

And, proud of all his spotted hues,

He boasts his splendors to the Sun.

E'en 'mid their waves the silent race,

Feel the long day's oppressive glow,

Which, shooting through the wat'ry space,

Molests their cool retreats below.

No

No longer from their mossy den
They dart through Ocean's ample tide,
But from the sky's destructive ken,
'Mid rocks and tangled sea-plants hide.

Yet feel I not the Summer's blaze,
Her fiery tortures I defy;
While, lovely Phillis! I may gaze
On the soft lustre of thine eye!

Let the blind God, with wild decree,
Bear me beneath Numidia's sky;
Or, where extends the frozen sea,
I still were blest if thou wert nigh.

—Yon Mount, though sun-burnt be his head,
Embosom'd in his curving sides,
Securely from the fervors dread,
A silent, shadowy valley hides.

A stream,

A stream, descending from the steeps,
Cool-sparkling, winds with many a bound ;
Then in a lake below it sleeps,
And feeds the verdant soil around.

Uncertain there, the day-light strays,
Like modest Moonshine glimmering pale ;
No Shepherd e'er his flock conveys
To pasture in the lonely vale.

If e'er by stealth some sunny glow
Gleams way'ring through the gloomy brake,
Thou see'st, as changeful breezes blow,
The trees dance trembling in the lake.

My Fair-one ! thither let us go,
And with sweet song the day decoy ;
Nor shall the fear of future woe,
Deprive us of the present joy.

That

That wretch shall feel a double doom,
Who dares with eye suspicious gaze
Through the dark mist of Time to come,
And trace th' events of distant days.

No ! might the God with golden hair,
In fond Affection's sacred ties,
Unite me to my lovely Fair ;
I'd scorn stern Fate and threat'ning skies !

Nor pomp, nor wealth's insatiate rage,
Should then my peaceful breast betray ;
Nor should the stealing frost of Age
With cold regret my heart dismay.

Though bow'd my frame, my beard though grey,
I still would strike th' accustomed string ;
And still some hoarse, some feeble lay,
To the rude notes, delighted, sing.

Though

Though fled the raptures, (youthful band !)

Yet, musing on my former bliss,

Still would my lips on that lov'd hand

Imprint the cold, the ling'ring kiss.

Ah ! kindly hear, each heavenly Pow'r !

And grant this one, this fond desire ;

Treasur'd to life's remotest hour,

Preserve me Phillis and my Lyre !

Then should the Fates my days prolong,

Till thousand, thousand years expire ;

True to the charms of Love and Song,

I ask-but Phillis and my Lyre !

CANTATAS.



FROM THE SAME.

FISHING.

SEE, the deep'ning twilight spread,

Lovely Nice, with me repair

By the sleeping Ocean's bed ;—

Haste to breathe the cooling air.

He who loves delight to seize,

Let him seek this sandy plain ;

Now the slowly-sailing breeze,

Crisps the surface of the main.

K

Come,

Come, my Nice, thy pastime take,
Come, thy rural cot forsake ;
Lo, the wood-embosom'd dome
Is not Pleasure's only home :
Form'd with various joys to bless,
Charms these waters too possess.
Here, Night's mantle spread on high,
Ocean, rival of the sky,
Lovelier too, and brighter far,
Multiplies each trembling star ;
While the wave the Moon-beam breaks,
In a thousand glitt'ring streaks.
—Should'st thou scorn to hear *my* pains,
To soft shells in mellow strains,
Sweet as waxed reeds could move *,
Tales I'll sing of Sea-nymphs' love ;

* *Incerate avene*. The musical instrument, called by the Greeks *Syrinx*, and by the Latins *Fistula*, may be termed a set of whistles, composed of seven or nine reeds of different lengths, joined together in a parallel position, so as to be readily sounded

Of Galatea, Doris gay,
Thetis, Glauce, tune the lay.

On the mead that skirts the main,
Thou may'st view thy fleecy train,
As on nimble foot they pass,
Crop in haste the tender grass ;
While amid the boughs they run,
Unmolested by the Sun.
Or with hook, and slender reed,
Thou may'st snare the scaly breed ;
So be Nice at once display'd,
A Shepherdess and Fisher-maid.

No more the finny tribe should hide
In rocky cave or mossy bed,

in succession by the breath. Theocritus and Virgil represent the artless Shepherds of their Pastorals as joining these reeds with wax ; and hence they may be termed *waxed*, *wax-wrought*, or *wax-join'd*.—See Theocritus, Idyl. 8. or Virgil, Ecl. 2 or 3. D.

But croud beneath the briny tide,
To gain the bait thy hand had spread.

And all the stores of Ocean's space
Should in thy lap be shower'd, my Fair ;
The tremulous chrystal's humid race,
The tinted shell, the coral rare.

THE NAME.

THOU Fav'rite of the God of Light,
Blest Laurel! on thy sacred rind
My Charmer's treasur'd name I write,
Deep as Love graves it on my mind.

Constant as thy unfading bloom,
Preserve my Chloris to my vows!
But let not hope, with cruel doom,
Remain unfruitful, like thy boughs!

Distinguish'd Tree! as now thou'rt seen,
In all the pride of summer green,
Oh! while extending grows thy trunk,
Be each lov'd letter deeper sunk!
Then shall the watery Fair, who glide
Beneath the blue translucent tide;

The Mountain-nymphs, a sportive throng,
Who dwell the steepy cliffs among ;
And every Sylvan Godhead too,
Unite to pay thee homage due ;
And blithe, at each recover'd Spring,
Around thee dance in graceful ring.
The leafy Nation * of the plain,
To thee shall yield th' imperial reign ;
Nor Ilex bright, nor Fir alone,
And haughty Pine thy praise shall own ;
But Idumea's Palms shall bow,
And Alpine Oaks thy fame allow.
—No wreath of other leaves than thine,
Around my faithful brow I'll twine ;
Nor will I e'er soft measures breathe,
But when I sit thy shade beneath ;
Thou all my confidence shalt prove,
I'll tell thee secrets of my love ;

* *Popolo frondose.*

The smiles, the rigour of my Fair,—
Thou all my joys and griefs shalt share.

For thee, with long-protracted reign,
Shall friendly April deck the sky ;
No cruel Nymph, nor faithless Swain,
Shall e'er beneath thy shadow lie.

Thy verdant leaves shall never own,
The bird of sable wing their guest ;
But tender Philomel alone,
Amid them form her faithful nest.

WINTER.

WHY, with look of chilly woe,
Fellow Shepherds! gaze ye so?
Winter comes!—unwelcome change!
Deem ye this disaster strange?
Cease th' approaching ill to fear;
I too, see each presage drear.

I see the mead, the grove, the hill,
Wear one dim aspect to the eye;
I see the little frozen rill,
Amid his banks, a captive, lie.

I too, can feel the polar skies;
I too, the biting breezes sip,
That chain the breath ere yet it flies,
And freeze it on the Pilgrim's lip.

Yet,

Yet, spite of Winter's rage, I'll breathe
A temper'd air, warm roofs beneath;
And, shaming Earth's unfruitful ground,
Bid here each plenteous store abound;
The grateful fruits, the painted flow'rs,
And all the pride of Summer bow'rs.
If, shiv'ring, to your cots you go,
Why blame ye Winter for your woe?
For, were ye provident and wise,
Like me, when blest with Summer skies?

—While I, as through the groves I past,
Still mindful of th' approaching blast,
Treasur'd the twigs and branches dry,
That now my blazing hearth supply;
Irene, say, with careless play,
Why lavish'd you the sunny day,
In carving Thyrsis' name so kind,
On ev'ry beech and laurel's rind?

When

When from the blooming fields I fled,
At evening, to my peaceful shed ;
I stor'd me, ere I left the scene,
With juicy grapes and apples green ;
While you, O Nice ! with jealous eye,
Your lov'd Fileno's path to spy,
From wood to wood all loit'ring stray'd,
To count his footsteps on the glade !

—Beneath my roof, a welcome store,
In sheaves the yellow spikes I bore ;
While, sporting on the margin cool,
That flow'ring fring'd the shady pool,
Beside Elpino, Egle stood,
And lur'd the fishes from the flood !
Behold the fruits of all my pains,
Nor think I wrong you, fellow Swains !
For now, your negligence supplies
My labours with their fairest prize ;

The joy to bid you want no more,
And share with you my little store !
Ah ! happy, if my friendly love,
Which shields you now, may so reprove,
That I my fellow Swains may see,
Discreet and provident like me !

When th' inclement season low'rs,
Would you taste the sweets of May,
E'en in Summer's sportive hours,
Think, oh think, on Winter's day !

Then shall he, whose constant soul
Thus pursues each prudent care,
Find the seasons as they roll,
Blossoms, not their own, can bear.

PROLOGUE,

SPOKEN AT THE OPENING OF THE NEW THEATRE,
LEICESTER, IN MARCH, 1800.

HOW oft example bright, and precept sage,
Trac'd in dead figures on the annal'd page,
In the cold mind no rival virtue rais'd,
Nor rous'd the soul to *act* the deed it prais'd,
Inventive Genius saw—and, Friend to Man,
With glorious effort form'd the DRAMA's plan :
He calls the Great and Good from ev'ry Age,
And bids them live and teach us on the Stage ;
And, while their deeds to new existence start,
Pours, through the eye, his lessons to the heart.

Thus rose the Stage—with emulative pride,
In this great art each polish'd nation vied ;

Yet

Yet rear'd they not the proud Theatric Pile,
To lure the idle, and the gay beguile ;
But, fir'd by nobler aim, they bade it stand,
Mirror of Life, Instructor of the Land.
Britain, 'mid these, prefers her honour'd claim
To the first glories of Dramatic fame,
And bids her rivals, while she boasts *her* Stage,
Read her just triumph in her SHAKSPEARE's page:
The great Enchanter ! who, with art refin'd,
Wakes each keen feeling of the human mind.
She bids them too, her ADDISON regard,
The Christian Hero, Patriot, and the Bard ;
Alike she boasts her YOUNG, the virtuous Sage,
Indignant Censor of an erring age !
His midnight sorrows he awhile foregoes,
And on the Stage an awful lesson shows.

While Britain thus in classic Science vies,
See here, Provincial Emulation rise ;
While antient Soar along his fertile bed,
Sacred to commerce, sees new structures spread ;

Here

Here Taste and Skill fair Fabricks * set apart,
To social Pleasure, and the Drama's art.
While in our Sister Dome with pure delight,
Youth, Beauty, Innocence, in dance unite;
Or with serener joy devote the hour,
To the lov'd charms of Music's magic pow'r;
Here be it ours to shew, with ardour true,
Dramatic Science in its noblest view:
We court the manly heart, the female smile,
While with firm zeal we dedicate this Pile.
To *Morals* first, still sacred be the Stage;
No dang'rous maxims shall our Scenes engage,
No dire delusion taught in modern times,
Which wins the heart to sanctify its crimes;
Corrupts the Soul, pretending to refine;
Dares talk of *Virtue*, yet o'erstep her line.

Whether the *Tragic Muse* shall court your ear,
Excite the lofty thought, or tender tear;

* Alluding to the new Assembly rooms adjoining the Theatre.

Or *Comic Life* with sprightly touch we trace,
Each secret passion, and each social grace ;
Or *Pantomime* his witching art declare,
And fascinate with transmutations rare ;
Or *Farce*, with frolic step and laughing eyes,
Glance at the passing follies as they rise :
Whate'er the Scene, to our great purpose true,
We keep the interests of the mind in view.
To **LOYALTY** we here devote the Stage ;
For, if it stands the Mentor of the age,
Shall it not now sustain that hallow'd cause ?
The Friend of Order, Liberty, and Laws.

This night *, by double confidence imprest,
We claim the sanction of each feeling breast ;
And, for your smiles, our noblest thanks to pay,
On Pity's Shrine your first kind off'ring lay ;

* The profit of the first night's representation was liberally devoted by the Manager to the general subscription in behalf of the poor.

The wretched Widow's wounded heart to cheer,
And dry the shiv'ring Orphan's pleading tear :
The Stage exults, while Woe and Want endure,
To join the lib'ral hand that aids the suffering poor.



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